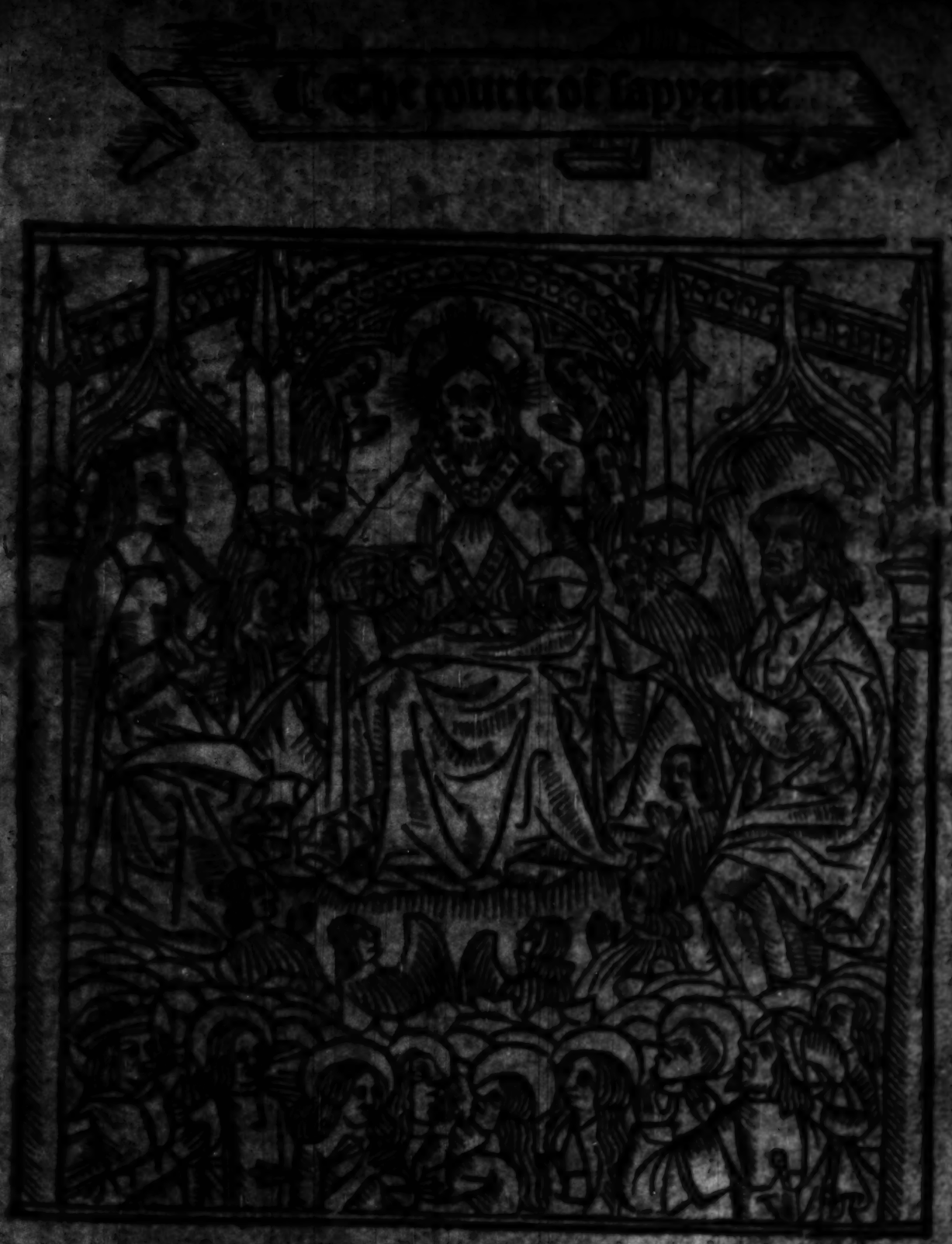
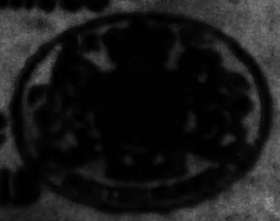


Here begynneth the prologue of this present boke.

The laborous & the moost meruayllous werkes
Of suppense syth fyrst reygned nature
My purpose is to tell as wryten clerkes
And specyally her moost notable cure
In my fyrst boke I wyll preche and depure
It is so pleasaunt vnto eche persone
That it a boke shall occuppe alone

Soone after this I shall wyssedome declayre
Her blessyd housholde/and her dwellynge place
And than retourne vnto her actes dyuse
And she them wrought by tyme/proces & space
All this mater she taught me of her grace
I spake with her/as ye may here and rede
For in my dreme I mette her in a mede



O cipa lady moost facundyous
O rauyllhynge delyte of eloquence
O gylted goddes gape and glozyous
Enspyred with the persynge influence
Of delycate heuenly complacence
Within my mouth let dystyll of thy shoures
And forge my tonge to gladde myn audytoures

Wyn ignozaunce whome cloubed hath eclypses
With thy pure beames illumynyne all aboute
Thy blessyd brethe let reflayre in my lyppes
And with the dewe of heuen them depute
So that my mouth may blosme & encense oute
The redolent dulcour aromatyke
Of thy deputed lusty rethozyke

I wolde my ſelfe moost nakyd in my sherte
Of comyn vulgare ellys moost interupte
And I conuerſaunte ꝑ bozne in the partes
Where my natyfe langage is moost coꝛrupte
And with moost londzy conges myxte ꝑ rupte
O lady myn wherfoze I the beſeche
Of my mysse amende/dzelle/forge/mynyſſhe ꝑ eche

Foz to all makers here I me excuſe
That I ne can delycately endyte
Rude is the ſpeche of foꝛce/whiche I muſt vſe
Suche infoꝛtunate my natyfe byrth may wyte
But O ye loꝛdes whiche haue your delyte
In termes gaye/and ben moost eloquent
This boke to you no pleaſaunce may pzeſent

But nethelys as taſted bytternelle
All ſweete thynge maketh be moze pzecyous
So ſhall my boke extende the goodlynelle
Of other auctoures whiche ben gloꝛyous
And make theyr wyttyuge delycyous
I ſymple ſhall extoll theyr ſouꝛaynte
And my rudenes ſhall ſhewe theyr ſubtylyte

Gower chaucers erthly goddes two
Of rhetoꝛike oꝛ eloquent delycatye
With all your ſucceſſours fewe oꝛ moo
Fragraunt in ſpeche/expert in poeteye
You ne pet them in no poynt I enuye
Tryed as bezee I am from your gloꝛye
As nyght from daye/oꝛ deth from byctoꝛye

I you honour/blyſſe/loue/and gloꝛyfye
And to whoſe preſence my boke ſhall attayne
court of fame.

[illegible]
[illegible] haue it in dysdayne
For I purpose no medyynge for to dyssayne
Wythe dewte/good lounge/and syngyngte pacyent
Who hath these thre/my boke I hym present

And as hym lyst let hym detraye or adde,
For syth I am constrayned for to wryte
By my souerayne/and haue a mater gladde
And can not please paynce enoughe ne endyte
Let ignoraunce and chyldhode haue the wyte
I aske no more/but god of his mercy,
My boke conferme from sclaunder and enuy

Explicit prohemium.

All besy studyynge in the stormy flode
Of fraytelesse worldly medytacyon
To purpose late no thynge semed so good
As to tell youthe hath dompnacyon
And for to put in sequestracyon
Eche other thynge that hym sholde cause vnrest
And thus to bedde I wente with thought my gest

The chesplayer/or he a man haue drawne
Hath onely thought to make good purueyaunce
For kynge or quene/aulfyn/knyghte/or paone
Echone of these he hath in his remembraunce
So eche estate and worldly gouernaunce
In one escheker in my mynde I frame
But I ne wyst what draught was best to drawe

Fyrst my desyre was to haue drawen my kynges
Herte lust in sure prosperyte

The kynge to purpose may not pasle his fee
To make hym mape/or some pastyme hym amen be
Than bothe to guyde the kynge and pawnes eke
And all other my wyttes were to seke

I thought how by moral philosophye
The chesse was founde/and set in dyuersyte
Of draught for a myrrour of policye
The whiche vertue departed is in thre
Fyrst must man con hymselfe rule in degre
Efte his housholde/and than in dyuerse
Cyte and reygne/these ben the thre dyuerse

Aristotell in his politike boke
The fyrst of these sayth hyght monestyca
The seconde parte/who hath lust to loke
Of policy hyght yconomica
The thyrde partye is cleped politica
But of all these syth I had neuer scole
To playe at chesse I me thought but a fole

For in this borde eschekker of my mynde
As I fyrst put a man or to drawe a draught
Fyrst come the worlde with dame fortune vnkynde
And sayd eschecke/and so strongly they faught
Ayenst me that all my men were caught
With theyr eschekes so touche they eche estate
That or I wyst/sodeynly I was mate

Than came reason/and thus to me she sayd
With moble fortune/and fals worldlynesse
O fole of foles/hast thou thy wytte allayd
With enuy man to countre them at chesse

Hoy in theyr braught all deceyte is include
So forth quod she/a fole I the conclude

Than was I woo/and prayed a bone
To teche me waye vnto dame sapyence
That she myght lerne me some discretyone
For well I knowe my propre negligence
Myn ignozaunce/myn insufficyence
Fette from all helpe/for whiche I gan to wepe
Whyles at the last I fell vpon a slepe

Thus brought on slepe/my sorcyte forth gan passe
And brought I was me thought in a place deserte
In wyldernes/but I nyst where I was
In moche derkenes/in caues/in moche couerte
With wylde beestes in deuourynge expertte
Now wood/now water/now hyll/now valaye
Now wynde/now rayne/I knewe no waye

The wylde wolues after me sewen fast
I wolde flee them/but well flee I ne myght
And of a waye I was ware at the last
Thozny and strayte encombrous to the syght
Thyder I wente/I was ware of a lyght
But forth I thronge with thornes all to rent
And thanked god of lyght whiche he had sent

Out from a mede moost heuenly vnto loke
Aboute whiche ranne a lusty ryuer swete
A lady came/and two with her she toke
I ranne to her/and lowly gan her greete
The waters name asked I/she sayd cupyete
And sone she sayd/my name is sapyence

Intelligence this wyght/and thus I sayde

Unto all vertues we ben ladyes thre
Bothe in offyce/and degree dyfferent
It is my parte to knowe dyuynyte
Wy syster here hath knowlege dylygent
Of creatures in heuen and erth content
And dame scyence of thynges temporall
Hath knowlege pure/thus mayst þ knowe vs all

Of vs all thre I am the moost souerayne
And yf the lyst me descrye and dyscryne
I am the true proper knowlege certayne
Of erthly thynge/and eke of thynge dyuyne
Aye freshe and grene/& lusty is herte myne
Though I seme yonge/full olde my yeres been
For sapyence in olde folke is aye seen

The deserte place of fere/thrugh whiche thou come
Is vyedefull worldly occupacyon
Wone leue that place & dwell with me at home
Thou shalte haue wytte/lust/delectacyon
Grace/helpe/ayde/hele/and eterne saluacyon
Now wyll I rest that trauayled haue all daye
For my labour is brought all vnto playe

Gladde was I tho/and on knee fell a downe
Held vp myn handes/& sayd I wolde full fayne
Her seruaunt be with all subgeccyonne
But lady myn maystres/and hole souerayne
Quod I tell me your labour and your payne
That ye so longe haue had/I wyll sayd she
Gyue audyence the gladder shalte thou be

I doutfull pryce moost myghty & moost dygne

[illegible] a lorde and youre doughters benygne
And a seruaunt whiche with affectuous
Loue and desyre be cherysshed in his hous
A cõmaundement gaue his seruaunt in certayne
The whiche he brake/and deth sholde be his payne

Foure tourmentours the kynge cleped to hym
Badde one hym to put in pryson soure
In other sholde quycke fley hym lyth & lym
The thyrde kyll hym/the fourth sholde hȳ deuoure
The foure doughters herde tell of this tumoure
Whose names ben mercy/trouth/ryght/and peas
But mercy thought her faders Ire to ceas

She loked downe in to the prysons depe
Her loued seruaunt sawe she syttynge there
For whome her herte gan boths blede & wepe
Dystyllynge teres dysteyned all her chere
She gan vnlace her tressed sonnysshe here
Naked her brest/and for compassyoun
Before her fader on knees fell a doun

O mercyfull/and o moost mercyable
Kynge of kynges/and fader of pyte
Whose myghty mercy is immesurable
O prynce eterne/O benygne lorde quod she
To whome mercy is gyuen of properte
Of thy seruaunt that lyeth in pryson bounde
Haue thou mercy or deth myn herte wyll wounde

I am soueraygne aboue thy werkes all
I am the pure auaunt of thy godhede
I am thy chylde/thy gẽme celestyall

The substaunce that all mankynde dooth fede
I am the treasour of thy dede
O prynce of peas my bone now graūt thou me

Se how I lytte dysheuelde on knee
My crystall eyen/se how theyr teres rayne
My rosy lyppes/se how they perred be
The bemed chere eke of my cheekes twayne
Se how the tery tyuer dooth dystayne
My swannysshe throte with syghes in dystraynte
My breste forbette/se fader all is kaynte

And yf thou wylte graunte me yon prysonere
And gyue me leue to lose hym out of payne
All this dystresse/and all this myn heuy chere
To gladnes thou myght me restore agayne
Thy hygh vengeaūce/why sholde ꝑ not restrayne
And shewe mercy syth he is penytent
With that came trouth/& asked what it ment

To trouth than spake her fader reuerent
And sayd a seruaunt whiche I loued best
On payne of deth I gaue a cōmaundement
Whiche for to kepe in hym was all my trest
But he it brake/and as a proude traytour kest
Me to supplaunt/and I made my behest
For his trespasse he sholde dye at the lest

My doughter mercy prayeth with voyce pyteous
I wolde forgyue/and on hym haue pyte
For syth my mercy is moost copyous
I must it shewe/thus argueth she to me
Nay nay quod trouth/fader it may not be

Thynke that I am thy doughter veryte
That of all trouth dooth execucyon
Without whome thyn eterne deite
Were vnyat with imperfeccyon
Thy wyll is lawe/thy promesse is reason
And syth thy wyll/and thy promesse also
Was he sholde dye thou mayst not go therfro

For thy godlyhede put out all varyaunce
Stable thy sentence/and thy Just Jugement
Let execute in dede the same penaunce
That was forbroken of thy commaundement
Than sayd mercy/vnworthy is that assent
For sauns doute euery reasonable creature
Without mercy may not lyue ne endure

Knowe ye not well that I am sempyterne
Quod mercy tho/how may ye me refrayne
I am lady aboue the heuen superne
Though ye in erth be prynces & soverayne
Wy myghty grace is neuer voyde ne vayne
Ergo I must releue seruaunt penytent
Saue fro the deth alloyle this argument

Ryght sensyble & prevgnaunt for your parte
Is that stronge argument quod veryte
But to dyspute/mercy is not myn arte
Neyther in herne ne in hole/trouth longeth to me
And permanent I am as well as ye
And syth of force my fadet must be trewe
From his behest/how may ye hym remewe

And yf ye thynke he dyede not his deth
For to permute with mercy his vengeaunce
For one is god/than wolde ye at the leest
In his godhede include bothe ignoraunce
And hastynesse and exyle purueyaunce
And prescyence/and alle eke myght I sone
Why hyght he that/that better were vndone

Than sayd mercy/wherto was mercy wrought
But yf mercy had execucyon
Wherto on me was all my faders thought
And all his Joye in my creacyon
Was I not made for restoracyon
Of heuenly blysse/and for necessyte
That bothe aungell and man must haue of me

And yf so were that I were adnychylate
The heuenly courte may not restored be
My faders realme were bayne and vacuate
A poore houlholde it were withouten me
Why sholde I not than haue a souerayne
And complement of my petycyon
Than answered trouth/for ye alle no reason

Though ye all daye argue for your purpose
Trouth shall delyuer at her owne volunte
My lyberte in no poynt wyll I lose
I am my faders chylde/as well as ye
And ryghtwysenes I wote wyll holde with me
And with that worde trouth for her syster went
Daine ryghtwysenes whiche was anone present

On goodly wyse/but ferefull to beholde
Come ryghtwysenes all bemed full of lyght

[illegible] to fulfyll all ryght
My fysters sayne quod she with hoyce on hyght
I wyll dyscusse/and theyr contencyon
As ryght asketh/bryngе to conclusyon

To his seruaunt I thynke/what trust & grace
My fader had and eke charyte
And in erth for hym he made a place
Of lust/delyte/and of all lyberte
Eche erthly thynge eke vnto his souerayntе
He badde encline/and be obedyent
Whyles he truly fulfylleth his cõmaundement

What thynge in erth he coude or myght deuyse
For hertes rest and lyues sustenaunce
On hym gan laugh in all goodly wyse
And at his lust made hym obeysaunce
Exyled from hym was vnhappy chaunce
Aduersyte myght neuer his steppes felle
To his seruaunt whyles he was seruaunt trewe

And yf so were he brake his cõmaundement
My fader made a constytucyon
That pysoned & all quycke sleyne and rent
Deed and deuoured sholde be punycyon
For his trespalle and his transgressyon
That bothe pure loue and fere this Iust precepte
Sholde hym excyte that it were truly kepte

Notwithstandynge the promesse and statute
The trust/the loue the bounte and kyndenesse
Yone frey le seruaunt subgecte to seruytute
Came to consyyre with all vngentylnesse

And of ȝ Iust punishement made full Iust restytucyon
Wherfore of ryght me thynketh he must be deed
Let be quod peas/that is a cruell dede

And with that worde peas came in to the place
Whose persone was patron of portature
Her rosy lyppes with chere full of grace
Offred kyssynge vnto eche creature
Phebus hymselfe with all his bemed cure
May not be lyke the lyght of her vysage
So pure perfyte was that heuenly ymage

And on this wyse she gan her tonge affyle
And sayd to trouth/O ryght how may this mene
Is your purpose peas for to exyle
And to make mercy neuermore be sene
And to ordeyne deth for to reygne as quene
This wolde no more/but for to depryue expresse
My faders realme/and his souerayne rychesse

Syth euery realme that hath dyuysyon
Within hymselfe must nedes be desolate
And we ben foure for one conclusyon
For to susteyne the realme and his estate
Amonge vs foure/why sholde than be debate
And syth that lawe wyll rather lessen peyne
That it extende/let peas and mercy reygne

My faders realme debate suffreth no whyle
It is of rest and of tranquyllyte
Wycause of whiche he wryteth in his style
The prynce of peas/the auctour of pyte
Kynge of mercy/and lorde of all bounte
Thus nede of force must peas reygne ȝ preuayle

...yf and hardy prynce in all batayle

The chefe auaunt and commendacyon
Of this hyghe realme is for it is of pees
Than wherto make ye dyſputacyon
Contrarious ben your debate/and rees
With ſtryfe I wyll not dwell withouten lees
And yf debate me from this realme dyſſeuer
The londe of peas deſtroyed is for euer

But ſyth ſo is/there is a treſpaſſe done
Vnto mercy let yelde the treſpaſſour
It is her office to redreſſe it ſoone
For treſpaſſe is to mercy a myrrour
And ryght as ſwete hath his aprryce by ſoure
So by treſpaſſe mercy hath all her myght
Without treſpaſſe mercy hath lacke of lyght

What ſholde be ſyke/but yf that ſykenes were
What nedeth ſalue/but yf there were a ſore
What nedeth drynke there thyrſte hath no powere
What ſholde mercy/but treſpaſſe go before
But treſpaſſe by mercy were lytell store
Without treſpaſſe none execucyon
Nay mercy haue/ne yet perfeccyon

But ſyſter trouth/ye may reygne as a prynceſſe
Without falſhode/and haue your ſouerayne
Without Iniure/and ſo may ryghtwyſeneſſe
Like without warre I peas may alwaye be
But mercy kyndely hath no properte
Withouten treſpaſſe/of whiche ſhe hath her myght
Right as the ſonne the mone gyueth all theyr lyght

Wherfore I rede as for concluſyon

That we obey mercy / Iustly our accyons
And that we leue all our dyscencyon
For lytell thynges as clerkes bere recorde
With peas groweth & grete thynge with dyscorde
Wyteth awaye / therfore let pacyfye
Our luste to one / and fall we to mercy

Let be quod trouth to you I nyll assent
No more wyll I ywys / quod ryghtwyslenes
And with that worde / trouth to her fadet went
And thus she sayd / O grounde of stedfastnes
O permanent / O very trouth endeles
Holde thy behest / and suppoꝛte veryte
For ryghtwyslenes accoꝛdeth vnto me

These woꝛdes sayth ryghtwyslenes / & kneleth doun
And sayd fadet syth it is myn office
To gyue condygne remuneracyoun
To euyll / and good / to eche vertue & vyce
And not to spare for pꝛayer ne for pꝛyce
And I shall thy godhede glorifye
That trouth asketh / I must nede Iustifye

The forsayd cause reseruynge in my mynde
How soone thy seruaunt lust to the offende
And how he was cruell / fals / and vnkynde
To thy behest I must of tyght attende
And nede of force to Iugement condescende
Wherfore I gyue sentence dyffynytyue
In fourme forsayd that payne to deth hym dꝛyue

Of this pꝛocesse to haue the true entent
I wyll thou wete quod sappence to me
This myghty kynge is god omnipotent

Bis sone is cryst/his doughters in degre
Ben vertus foure annexte to his godhede
His sewiaunt is olde Adam as I rede

Retourne we now to our mater agayne
All though datted with alyet maladye
Mercy fell downe she myght no lenger sayne
As a swouned/or in a lytergye
Peas seynge that stode on exstalye
And at the last with pyteous voyce & mylde
She sayd alas/peas is for aye exylde

O mercy god/for my sylter mercy
Lyenge in a swoune dyenge for lacke of brethe
For trouth vntrue/and vnryghtwysenes
Ayenst vs hath gyuen sentence of dethe
I wyll not rest/but go thrugh holte & hethe
Exyled awaye retourne wyll I neuer
Fare well fader/fare well thy realme for euer

Fare well mercy fare well thy pyteous grace
So well awaye that vengeaunce shall preuayle
Fare well the bemed lyght of heuens place
Vnto mankynde thou mayst no more auayle
The pure derkenes of hell the dooth assayle
O lyght in vayne the clyppes hath the inclose
Man was thy lorde/now man is thy refuse

O seraphyn gyue thyn armonye
O cherubyn thy glory do awaye
O ye trones let be all your melodye
Your Jerarchye dysteyned is for aye
Your maystres se in what arraye

Fare well/fare well poore houſholde deſolate

O ſouerayne myghty dominacyons
O vertues/and ye poteſtates
O pryncypates with all your heuenly ſodwnes
Archaungell/aungell/with thyre thre eſtates
Your ſpouſe dame peas ouerſet is with debates
Now may ye wepe/and Jerarchyes thre
Your ordres nyne may not reſtored be

Fare well ye all/dame mercy lyeth in ſwoun
For ſothefaſtnes accuſed hath mankynde
And ryghtwyſenes that ſholde do all reaſoun
Hath dampned hym as cruell and vnkynde
Mercy and peas for them no grace may fynde
Notwithſtandynge Jugement may haue no ſute
Becauſe of peas/but it be executte

Woo worth debate/that neuer may haue peas
Woo worth penaunce that aſketh no pyte
Woo worth vengeaunce/that mercy may not ceas
Woo worth that Jugement that hath none equyte
Woo worth that trouth that hath no charyte
Woo worth that Juge that may no gylte ſaue
And woo worth ryght that may no fauour haue

Fare well ſaturne/Joue/mars/& phebus bryght
Fare well venus/and fare well mercurye
Fare well thou ſhynynge lady of the nyght
I was your guyde/but now awaye goo I
O cruell mars/thy temrelles fury
Now mayſt thou ſhewe/and Juppyter thyn Ire
Now mayſt thou rayne with dartes full of fyre

I bydded you/and set you in accordes
But now I go ywys I wote neuer whedet
Wherfore of force ye muste fall to dyscordes
O thou souerayne of all batayle the lorde
Now mayst thou sende comete thy messengere
To sygnefye that batayle/mygheth nere

Whan Flora rydeth/and colde awaye is gone
With Jupyter/than mayst thou mete at luste
And June in some sygne of the aquylone
Engendre hyre/and make herbes combuste
Enfecte the ayre/and so togyder Juste
One with other hote/colde moyst and dryc
Contrarious sturte for the byctorye

Now may ye fyght/& make bothe wynde & reyne
And erratyke aye in your course be
For peas is gone/that your Ire dyde refrayne
And stabled you in all tranquylyte
Fare well ye all with all your brode countre
Fare well fadet/thy realme may neuer encreas
And with that worde euanyllhed dame peas

The faders blysse/the souerayne Joye & chefe
Of all the heuen the broder to mercy
This woofull caas leynge/and this myscheefe
For me ywys dyde sende full hastely
O sappence he sayd full pytously
With some counseyle helpe now in this nede
Thrugh perced/myn herte begynneth to blede

For peas is gone/& mercy lyeth in swoun
Withouten comforte so wela waye the whyle

But mercy seyngne / & peas come from eyple
O sapyence helpe now to reconcyle
My syster peas / and mercy to comforte
And to this syne with counseyle me supporte

O mayster myn / O souerayne myghty lorde
Harde is this caas quod I without en leas
Hygh is that helpe / that may bryngе to accorde
Mercy and trouth / dame ryghtwyslenes & peas
Mercy wolde saue her man / & vengeaunce leas
Trouth wyll not so ne yet dame ryghtwyslenes
And for this stryfe peas is to wyldernes

Echone of them wyll no waye be remeued
From her entent it is incomerous
Them to accorde / how sholde it be contreued
Syth two for two stande aye contrarious
This sole caas is wonders studyous
For this accorde who so that shall fulfyll
Must nede of force perfourme theyr aller wyll

But sapyence who may best please them all.
And gyue echone theyr full desyre expresse
I mene the wretche / that lyeth in pryson thrall
Mercy to haue / and his gylte to redresse
And not to offende dame trouth & ryghtwyseneſſe
And reuoke peas / who shall this do quod he
In one godhede syth we be persones thre

My fader is aye full of lastynge myght
And all wysedome appropred is to me
Of all goodnes the blessyd heuenly tyght
The holy ghoost hath to his properte
court of sapy.

Aye of one ... this accorde make
But of vs thre who shall the treuse take

My wyttes hole I gadred vnto me
And fynally as for conclusyon
O mayster myn/ I sayd it lyeth in the
Of this accorde the execucyon
And on thre wyse I proue it by reason
Wherfore of force to make this accorde
Dyspose thy selfe/ be bothe subgecte and lorde

Thy fader is so ferefull well thou wooste
That peas and mercy dare not compromytte
In hym as Juge/ and eke the holy gooste
In whome all grace goodnes & trouth is knytte
Dame trouth & ryght for Juge wyll not admytte
For well they wote that he is mercyes frende
Wherfore thy selfe of this must make an ende

Yone wretche desyred not thy faders myght
Ne yet the goodnesse of the holy ghoost
For thy wysedome he cast with the to fyght
And smote thy shelde amyd the heuenly hoost
For whiche thy selfe must answere well thou wooste
Not thy fader/ ne yet the thyrde persone
The helpe of this thus lyeth in the alone

These systers foure who that shall pacyfye
Must be the sone of man/ & take mankynde
And for mannes gylte/ gyltles suffice to dye
And raunson man that thynke I in my mynde
Syth but to one sone the Scrypte may fynde
Whiche sone thou arte/ that by nede flyte

This solempne acte lyely fynysshed in this

Than sayd my selfe/O lady sapyence
O good beldame or ye ferder procede
Vouchesauf to tell your noble reuerence
Why myght wysedome & goodnes as I rede
To thre persones whiche are in one godhede
Appropred ben/are they not peregall
And coeterne/and consubstancyall

Yes sone ywys quod sapyence to me
They ben all thre in goodnesse myght & wytte
Egall and lyke/of one substaunce they be
But yet ywys thou clepest them a ryght
Whan that thou sayst the fader full of myght
The sone of wytte/the spyryte of goodnesse
This wyll a cause that is in kynde expresse

A fader is thou wotest a name of age
Of impotence and of debylyte
A sone a name is of youth/and courage
Of insyence and inhabylyte
A spyryte is a name of cruelte
Of hyght & pryde/this may thou prove kynde
And eke comune yf thou wylte se in kynde

Wherfore the fader in the Trynyte
We clepe myghty the sone full of wytte
The good spyryte/this is of propryete
To anoyde the vyce/that in kynde is knytte
But of them all sone myn I wyll thou wytte
In myght with grace more excellent is none
Echone hath all/and all thre is but one

Retourne we sone myn to our matere
court of sapy. b.iii.

Sayd sapyence/ Je se it now so clere
That this accyde in me is fynally
But harde it is to take mankynde and dye
Neuertheleſſe merry to recomforte
And saue mankynde/ſuche deth nere but dyſporte

With full effecte he concluded in his herte
Of all mankynde to make redempcyon
Gyue deth for lyfe/gyue Joye for paynes ſmerte
Leue ſouerayntè/and make ſubgeccyon
The aungelles elſe had ſuche compaſſyon
Of mannes deth/that ryght in ſpecyall
To helpe mankynde/they caſt them all

Vnto counſeyle the holy ſpyrytes went
The Jerarchyes with theyr heuenly collage
To praye for man/it was theyr hole entent
That he myght come to his olde herytage
Out from the carybde/and the ſmoky cage
Of ſeruytude/the whiche hym had incluſe
Foure thouſande yere/he myght it not refuſe

The Jerarchye nexte to the Trynyte
With heuenly voyce pytous/and delycate
Kneled a downe/and ſayd O god we be
As thou well woſt to the immedyate
As alleſſours we ben to thyn eſtate
Cubyculers alſo of thy godhede
To our prayer/O myghty god take hede

The to beholde is our ſouerayne ſolace
Our lyfe/our luſt/and aye laſtynge blyſſe
The hyghe glozye that ſhyneth in thy face

The wytte of kynde may not comprehende
And syth that man so lyke vnto the is
And fourmed was vnto thyn owne lykenesse
Out of this blysse/why lyeth he in derkenesse

What honour is/what worthynesse
To thy godhede to suffre thyn ymage
Deuoured be/and drenched in derkenesse
For whome thou made lyght to be herytage
And syth our blysse is hole in thy vysage
O welawaye why sholde of it the shapnesse
The to dystayne alwaye in derkenesse

Wherfore we praye/O prynce full of grace
Thou haue pyte of man thy creature
His bondes stronge/vouchesaue to vnlace
Let not thy shappe so longe derkenes endure
Gyue some rewarde vnto thyn owne honoure
For now is tyme of mercy and of peas
And tyme is comen that all vengeaūce sholde ceas

¶Explicit supplicatio prime Jerarchie.

¶Incipit Jnuocatio secunde Jerarchie

Than kneled downe the seconde Jerarchye
And humbly sayd O souerayne lorde of all
We be y made thy myght to magnefye
And to obserue thy lawe imperyall
As worthy lordes that in generall
With besy cure supporten thyn empyre
And with knyghthode obeyen thy desyre

Hens from vs all the proude prynce of derkenes
As captyue toke lordes of eche estate

For to restore thy heritage desolate
But welaway Lucifer was man create
Syth that the lyon of all cruelte
In his derke lake of hym hath soueraynte

Our worthy lordshyppes & our maners olde
O myghty god how longe voyde shall they be
Thyn heyres eke how longe shall deth withholde
Syth thou arte lyfe why hath deth soueraynte
If thou be kynge to thyn honour thou se
Do bynde the fende and take man by conquest
Unto thy bylle and set thy reygne in rest

Foure thousande yere is sully gaunt
For to punysshe olde Adam for a taste
And welawaye hell is exuberaunt
With his of sprynges & our realme stondeth waste
Now rewe on man thou that all mercy haste
For now is tyme of mercy and of peas
And tyme come that all vengeaunce sholde leas

¶ Explicit supplicatio secunde Jerarchie

¶ Incipit supplicatio tercie Jerarchie

Tharchaungell than with theyr Jerarchye
Kneled downe and sayd with voyce benygne
O god thou wost we be alwaye redye
To thy godhede to gyue louynge condygne
To what prouynce and as thou lyst assygne
Us in thy realme as true and dylygent
Of hycyalles we do thy commaundement

Thy messengers we be redy alwaye

And in thy realme to reigne, peace and loue
We can not fynde/but peas is gone alwaye
And mercy lyeth with wepynge all be shent
For trouth and ryght to her wyll not assent
To saue mankynde our realme whiche sholde restore
Where so we goo/debate is vs before

Our enemyes eke of vs haue victorye
Whyle thy chyldren contynue in dyscorde
And but mankynde be brought to thy glorye
Thou mayst neuer them foure bynge to accorde
On thyn olde mercy/O good god recorde
And syth eche thynge to the possyble is
Pease thy chyldren/& bynge mankynde to blys

The faders herte by kynde sholde be pyteous
Of his chyldren/and wayle for theyr absence
Wherfore I praye/O pryncе victorious
Sende for dame peas/bynge her to thy presence
And to mankynde graunt a playne indulgence
For now is tyme of mercy and of peas
And tyme is come that all vengeaunce sholde ceas

Explicit supplicatio tercie Jerarchie

That excellent prynce of all worthynesse
That myghty lorde/that fader gracyous
That rote of ryght/that well of goodlynesse
That noble kynge/that mayster glorious
That souerayne syre/and moost victorious
Beheldе his realme all wasted with ruyne
And in hymselfe to pyte gan encline

He helde also how pytously complayned
court of sapy. c.l.

And how [illegible] was dystayned
And peas his chylde cryed for debate
And how mankynde was so incarcerate
That by no waye he myght his realme restore
Than gan his herte for pyte waxe all sore

Unto mercy/he gan his hede to helde
Whiche was in poynt thrugh weppynge for to spyll
Than thrugh darted his herte gan to yelde
And droppes small of pyte to dystyll
His blessyd sone than knewe his faders wyll..
Feite pren hote/and thought tyme for to smyte
And vp he rose with all lust and delyte

He kneled downe and sayd fader of myght
I am thy sone/in whome all wysedome is
And well I wote/thou farest not aryght
For chyldren thyn ben at debate ywys
Gyue me this cause/O souerayne lorde of blys
I shall rewarde echone with theyr entent
And man agayne to thy blysse represent

Swete sweteste sone/quod that good fader tho
Of thy behest I am entyerly glade
Do what the lyst to bryngе man out of woo
But it forthynketh me/that I man made
I mene the godhede/that suche gladnesse hade
For to make man/in the must take mankynde
And penaunce bere his handes to vnbynde

With humble herte to do thy wyll
With loue and lust/with sadde & hole desyre
I am redy/and what thou wylte I wyll

Thy pure pleasaunce I may not lose by yee
I wyll pursewe the ryght of thyn empryse
Quod that good lone with spryyte dylygent
And vp he rose/and to his syster went

He toke her vp/and goodly gan her kysse
Enbraced her vnto his herte/and sayd
O swete merry/O pryncesse of all blysse
O syster myne/O goodly yongly mayde
With salte teres/why be ye thus arayde
I am that wyght that shall your sorowe ceas
And saue mankynde/& bryngе agayne dame peas

Cast vp your eyen beholde I am your brother
Your lyfe/your lust/your loue/your champyon
And for your sake my selfe shall/& none other
Become a man/and suffre passyon
To helpe mankynde/and with double renoun
Bryngе hym to you/& saue whiche was thrall
That mortall is/I shall make immortall

Thus shall I do your herte to recomforte
Your soueraynte eke for to magnefye
Full manfully I shall my payne comporte
And thynke on you as on myn owne lady
To fyght in armes/and obteyne victory
Gyue trouth & ryght theyr owne desyre at full
And euery gylte/you at lust to annull

Reuyue gan that goodly lady tho
The brothers speche was salue to all her sore
She thanked hym/as cure of all her woo
She kyssed hym swete/she loued hym more & more
O pryncе she sayd/whiche shall my ryght restore

That redy was for me to deserue
That redy was for me to lyue and serue

O swete moost swete brother & all my knyght
O very cause of all myn hertes rest
To gyue rewarde / where shall I gader myght
To your kyndnesse / I not how I may best
Thanke you for this / but O prynce worthyest
We as your owne / commaunde aye as ye lyst
Thus all was well / and eyther other kyst

The Trynyte to counseyle wente anon
Concluded in haste / a messenger sholde go
Unto the mayde the doughter of Syon
To salewe her / and for to saye her to
The sone of god to bryngе man out of woo
Moder and mayde she sholde bere and conceyue
Whiche message done she goodly gan receyue

She thanked god with herte / lust and delyte
And on eche poynt submytte her to his wyll
The holy ghoost was redy to enspyre
His swete breth her brest with blysse gan fyll
The sone of god full preuely and styll
Within her woombe toke incarnacyon
And borne he was for mannes saluacyon

He knewe the cause of his foure systers stryfe
And how by sentence man sholde punysshed be
Fyrst in the pryson of this present lyfe
Rent with vnbele / slayne with aduerlyte
Dye at the last / and with all cruelte
Suffre wormes deuour hym in his graue
Harde was this payne / & eche man sholde it haue

Beten with scourges/and crouned vpon a rode
Suffred the deth/and caused no trespas
A monument his corps somynge of blode
Deuoured/than he rose and yode
Hymselfe to hell/and losed man anone
Had hym to blysse vnto his faders trone

He tooke with hym to blysse and made her quene
His swete moder the blessyd mayde Marye
To praye for man/and mankynde to sustene
And vnto her commaunded dame mercy
Whiche for her chylde she toke full thankfully
And sayd she wolde for man be aduocate
Of trouth and ryght with man wolde debate

And vnto mercy goodly thus she sayd
O fayre syster/to you now haue I brought
With double honour man for whome ye prayd
And your desyre in eche thynge haue I wrought
So ryghtwysely and truly haue bought
Hym with my blode that trouth & ryght certayne
Haue all theyr lust/and no cause to complayne

If man vnkynde reforte vnto his gylte
Fyenst the kyndenes whiche I haue done
And trouth & ryght wyll deme hym to be spylte
Yet your desyre ye shall obteyne ryght soone
For my moder shall come and aske a bone
And saye/swete sone thynke on thy passyon
And saue the ryght of thy redempcyon

Thynke how of man I came/and am thy moder
And thou my lorde/my maker/and my chylde

And hym bete lowely thy moder mylde
If man therfore offende with werkes wylde
Thynke thou hym bought/& be no lenger wrothe
That ones was lefe/let neuermore be lothe

For man to dye/and efte hym for to lose
Inconsonaunt it were to all reason
What in erth or heuen yet wolde suppose
That so solempne and hye redempcyon
As is thy deth/sholde in conclusyon
Be vayne & voyde/suche raunson precyous
Must in effecte be alwaye fructuous

Double tytle thou hast of properte
In euery man/for thou his maker is
His sauyour/and all good hath of the
If he displease offende and do amys
Or wolde forsake thy lordshyp or thy blysse
Yet is he thyn/thou made hym/thou hym bought
Hym to forsake thy tytle wyll it nought

The more ywys that thou hast done for man
The more feruent on hym sholde be thy thought
The chefe auaunt is how thou gate and wan
Hym with batayle/and from his foos brought
Eke loue is more swete/that it dere is bought
All these in one yf thou in mynde reuolue
Thy loue from man no thynge shall mow dyssolue

Yet to mercy more straunge the to excyte
O blessyd sone/se how I sytte on kne
Beholde these brestes swall with all delyte
That gaue the souke the mylke of chastyte

Beholde the wounde of whiche thou beyng holde be
Beholde the hondes that on my lappe the layde
Beholde thy ſpouſe/thy moder/and thy mayde

And for all this haue mercy ſone of man
For nexte thy ſelfe I dereſt haue them bought
For well thou wooſt/the ſwerde of ſorowe ran
Out thrugh myn herte/whā ỹ on rode was brought
And I the ſawe with woundes all beſought
Syth thus in payne I had my parte with the
Parte of my wyll for man ſone graunt thou me

Thus ſhall my moder ſaye/yf man offende
O ſyſter myn/your luſt for to ſuſtene
Eke my ſelfe his treſpaſſe for to amende
My woundes wyde ſhall holde bothe newe & grene
Dyſtyllynge blode full freſſhe they ſhall be ſene
If with mankynde my fader wyll debate
Whan he them ſeeth/he mowe no lenger hate

Therfore be gladde/O ſyſter myn mercy
Haue here your man/do with hym what ye lyſt
She kneled downe/toke hym full thankfully
Enbraced hym/and after ſyth hym kyſt
That tonge can tell vnneth her ſpyryte wyſt
For pure gladnes/in what place for to abyde
Her perfyte blyſſe perced the heuen wyde

Forth than he wente vnto dame verytie
And ſayd ſyſter/be ye not yet content
Yes broder myn quod ſhe in all degre
For trouth it is that man was neclygent
More than I aſke eke is his punyſſhement
Than wente he forth vnto dame ryghtwyſenelle

...ceed thus I gesse

O swete brother/man is for his trespasse
More punysshed than I my selfe deserve
I am content debate alwaye shall passe
And with that worde peas feruent as the fyre
Was present tho/for staunched was all yre
Mercy and trouth mette at theyr owne lyst
And right and peas tourder hertely kyst

To whiche kyssynge/O myghty prynce of peas
Brynge vs all/as thou starke on a rood
And graunt me grace/or of makynge ceas
To thy pleasaunce some mater that is good
For to compyle to helpe me from the flood
Of fruyteles worldly medytacyon
And fynde a waye to my saluacyon

¶ Explicit liber primus de curia sapientie qualiter misericordia et veritas obuiauerunt sibi/Justicia et pax obstitulate sunt.

¶ Incipit prohemium secundi libri.

Orth to procede in mater of my boke
And I dyscryue the solempne *mansyon*
Of sapyence moost heuenly vnto loke
Whose Cyte is sette in all perfeccyon
And to auoyde the oblocucyon
Of fals tonges/and thanke to deserue
Thou graunt me grace/o good goddesse myneruе

My style thou dresse/my langage thou depure
My wytte enforce thou mynystre matere

For lyth I am moost symple creature
I wyll blurpe in thy palays tapere
But thou me guyde to shewe in what matere
I shall pronoūce thynges / whiche ꝑ doost me se
Thy ferendary onely wyll I be

The pure knowlege and very sentement
Of thy wysedome was neuer my dowere
But as the sonne in lyght moost excellent
With his bemes the mone illumyneth clere
Soo done all daye these wyse men foles lere
Wherfore thy wysedome / as thou lyst me teche
O lady myn / in my boke wyll I preche

¶ Explicit prohemiū

WHan sapyence her besy cure had tolde
Whiche is rehersed in the forsayd boke
Unto her home she sayd retourne she wolde
Intellygence and scyence with her she toke
And on my selfe full goodly gan she loke
And sayd fayre sone yf thou wylte wende with me
Come on in haste / tyght welcome mote thou be

Forth wente we thens vnto a ryuers syde
Whose name is quyete full of all swetenesse
Out ouer / whiche with arches hygh and wyde
A bryngе was set full of all lustynesse
The marble stone the solempne worthynesse
Of geometry shewed on suche auyse
So good a werke that no wyght coude deuyse

The pyllers stronge enarched with effecte
With pynacles and toures full of bysse
And alured clene gaue suche a dygne prospecte
That suche a brydge was neuer seen ywys

And on a boure this scripture wryten is
Who dredeth god/come in and ryght welcome
For drede of god is waye of all wyledome

I entred on the brydge with sapyence
She ledde me ouer vnto the ryuers syde
Come in she sayd/put the forth in presence
For suche a syght thrugh all the worlde wyde
Thou neuer sawe so full of lust and pryde
So gloryous as here is for the nones
As grauell is/so were the precyous stones

The alabaster the electorye
The auryppygment and the argeryte
The asteron full of heuenly glorye
The Admant eke/and the asteryte
The admatyst and eke the adnatyte
Whiche bryght stone wstondeth the myght of fyre
Soo good a syght no spyryte myght delyre

The alabaster whyte gyueth byctorye
And Ire swageth the thynynge argeryte
And loue reseourmeth the sayd electorye
The admant eke but the asteryte
Hath in hymselfe a sterre full of delyte
The auryppygment hote is in effecte
The amatyst gyueth tyght good intellecte

The pale byrell that heleth eyen sore
And helpeth loue and stauncheth enempte
The selydon that with lust who can restore
And medycyne is to olde infyrmyte
The carbuncle that hath his soueraynte
Whan derkenes is/the precyous crysolyte

Whiche fendes fleen/and holden in despyte

The calcydone whiche harde is in to graue
The crysopasse moost shynynge on the nyght
The crystall clere that men ofte dooth saue
The gyrall rede whiche flux stauncheth a vyght
The ceranne stone in thonder whiche hath myght
The caleophan that boyces soze dooth cience
All these done bote without offence

The dyadek that dooth spyrytes to pzeche
The dyonys/whiche that hateth dzonkenesse
The good eschyte that is the wombes leche
In byrth of chylde/& cause of theyr gladnesse
The emachyte that stauncheth blode expzesse
The elytrope whiche is the sonnes foo
And venym sleeth with many vertues moo

The stone enydzos moost wonder in kynde
That aye dystylleth dzoppes to the syght
And neuer moyst ne les men shall it fynde
The weppynge stone a clerke sayth it hyght
The epystyte/whiche is a stone full bzyght
frendfull to cozne and excolyterose
In colours fele/as clerkes done depose

There was also the gentyll gagates
Good foz women that longe in chyldbed pyne
Whiche yf a mayde dzynke it shall her plees
And in her body holde it well and fyne
Where she cozrupte/she sholde anone ruyne
The salachyte foz mylke moost pzoufytable
There was also in vertue commendable

Geratycen whiche is a noble stone

And maketh beloued where they gone
If they hym bete/and tell them a ryght
What other thynke ye/the Jasper grene of syght
Holsome ayenst the feuours accesse
Therfore I lye full of all lustynesse

The good Jacynte that is ryght comfortable
And in the pestylence a noble medycyne
The adachyte that hath withouten fable
Within hymselfe ouer other stone fyne
That sweteth water wonder to deuyne
The Jerachyte whiche yf a man bere
There may no flees with bytynge hym dere

There was the good Jrys of Arabye
Holsome for women in theyr chyldbed
The stone Jena that techeth prophecye
The sadde Camen with dyuers colours lede
The dropcy whiche heleth as I rede
In bokes olde and eke lygurius
That colour lost restoreth vnto vs

A noble stone/that is for hunters good
Lipparia whiche is cleped a ryght
For beestes wylde be they neuer so wood
To his presence/he bryngeth thorugh his syght
The alabandyne that to blode gyueth wyght
The abatystus whiche thrugh hete wyll remayns
Seuen dayes in hete/as noble clerkes sayne

The margaryte whiche is bothe bryght & whyte
Eke medycynable and comfortatyfe
The magnes sad that gyueth grace and delyte

And soueraine hath [illegible]
The mellanyte whose Juce is expedyte
Swete as hony/in colour whyte and grene
The good mytyte/whiche hath an odour clene

The stone menylyte/and eke the melochyte
That chyldren yonge whan they in cradels bene
Kepeth of kynde from noy and all dyspyte
The stone nitrum that helpeth to wasshe clene
The medrys eke good for blyndnes of eyen
The stone nesel/whiche in the tood men fynde
And nygh venym he waxeth hote of kynde

The onychyne that is a stone of ynde
The onyx eke whiche as a myrrour
His owne ymage a man may se and fynde
Optallius of many stronge colour
That is to theues good patron and socour
The oxyte eke that saueth from beestes wylde
And suffreth not women to be with chylde

The parius/and eke the prasyus
Grene of colour/and good for feble syght
The pyrryte stone anone whiche brenneth vs
Within our honde yf we hym presse aryght
The stone ponyte/whiche hath a wondre myght
Good for women/and of hymselfe alone
He bryngeth forth tyght swythe an other stone

The stone quyrryne/that dooth the sleper saye
What so he dremeth/& eke the quanydras good
That can encreace brestes with mylke alwaye
The good ruby that stauncheth alwaye blode
The rede eke/whiche of beestes wode

And noble medycyne is for woundes sore

The good saphyre moost noble and moost dygne
Of all stones and moost preseruatyfe
Comforte of peas/and to sore eyen benygne
Of hete vnkyndely/and moost repressyfe
It maketh gladde/it is comfortatyfe
It stauncheth blode and swete/and chastyte
He loueth best/and dooth the venym flee

The grene smaradge/that is vyght medycynable
Ayenst tempest sykenes and fantasye
The sardonyx/that is vyght cõmendable
Frende to mekenes/and hateth lecherye
The sardyns that maketh men hardye
The sonnes gemmes full of bemes bryght
The sereuyte that in loue hath his myght

Topacius good for men lunatyke
And stauncheth Ire/and swageth heuyneſſe
It holsome is eke to men frenetyke
The good turkoys/that engendreth gladneſſe
Good for the syght/the semeth that sykeneſſe
Heleth dyuers/the syngyne whiche of kynde
Refrayneth blode/and holdeth man in his mynde

All other stones whiche ben precyous
There myght men se full of all pure delyte
But I of force muſt be compendyous
Therfore of them I wyll no ferther wryte
Of theyr vertues I touche here but a lyte
Theyr propertees who lyſt to haue tolde
I counſeyle them/go loke in bokes olde

As in a boke cleped the lappydarys
In Isodre or dyascorydes
By philosophres as by platearye
Or barthylmewe/loke who may the please
Natures and kynde there mayst thou se at ease
Suche thynges as longeth not to comyn matere
An other felde I haue in haste to ere

And yf thou seme that here be stones straunge
And thou in englysshe can them better name
Do as thou lyst/theyr names for to chaunge
So my langage and my boke thou not blame
For I suppose there be fewe wordes lame
For by the latyn for the more surete
I name them all/and for the more comynte

¶ Explicit descriptio lapidum in
littore riui consistentium.

¶ Incipit descriptio riui.

THan all my lust was goodly to beholde
That good water/that noble element
That ryuer swete in his kynde moyst & colde
That is the hollsome perfecte nutryment
To euery thynge/that is in erth content
To corne/herbe/tree/plant/& eche thynge lyuynge
It gyueth his drynke/& cleuseth all foule thynge

The erth he maketh to be plenteuous
He tempreth well also the heuen a bonne
And with his subtyle vapour curyous
He greueth the ayre incorperatyon
And denseth hym/& is of hyghe renoun

For to chalenge heuen for dommynge place

From whens he falleth dystyllynge shoures swete
Replenysshynge perrynge and commyxtyse
Unto the erth/but to the heuens hete
His moyst vapour is moost tempozatyse
His dzoppes swete eke ben moost nutrytyse
And cause of lyse to eche thynge anymate
Withouten hym/all thynge were bycyate

For thzugh the erth he gooth with his moysture
And perceth hym thzugh his effusyon
The partes of the erth eke thzugh his cure
Ben stabled sadde/and take vnyon
Elles for grete hete and hyghe entencyon
Of souerayne dzought tyght by necessyte
Unto powder they sholde dyssolued be

He is to fysshe holsome and pzofytable
As ayre to beest/and cause of all theyr bylle
His pzopertees/that ben moost cõmendable
Dame scyence there declareth well ywys
And as a glasse so speculer he is
Of thynge obiecte the shappe to repzesent
Of hym hath nede all thynge in hym content

He wyll aye meue withouten rest or constaunce
Whyles that his partye superficyall
Be adequate by tyght and lyke dystaunce
Out from the erth lyke from the mydde of all
And of the sonnes lyght celestyall
In to the heuen he maketh reflecyon
The natures foure he palleth in tenoun

Of waters thystin spryng in grene
There may none fynde a goodly properte
But in hym selfe thus Kynde hath them all
In paradyse he had his sourcrynte
Bothe out and in/ by venus meth dyuerte
From sulphur beynes/ and from metall bas
He can absteyne/ and be as swete and pure

Basilius in his exameron
Deseryueth water/ and his properte
Who so hath lust/ he may to me them vpon
But I my selfe wyll flee prolyxyte
And of my Kynde speke as lyketh me
What sholde I saye hym to herr and beholde
All erthly Joye passeth a thousande folde

His heuenly sowne/ his grones delycate
His swete murmour/ his sadde coure is clyte
His freshe colour/ whiche no Rozme may abate
His sapour swete hauynge resyst at wylle
Wyght saye alcaunce/ on this wyse be I wyll
For to expyte out from the heuens place
Nature to come to see of my solace

O phylon Tygrys Gyon. Eufrates
O dozyr ebe the flood of paradys
O Jozdan Cobar/ and thou Edapers
Danybius and pharphar at deuyse
Abana ebe as wyten clerkes wyse
Whiche of damaske with his moyst passage
The gardyns grene fulfylleth with herbage

O Tybre/ Rodan/ Ybert/ Leyre and sayne
Geron and Eyne with many watry dzope

Of Asia/Affryke/and Europe
Amonge you all I make a goodly hope
Lyke to this Ryuer in comparyson
The Occyan dooth hym subiectyon

O ye floodes/and ye pyttes all
That haue your course out throughe ye erthes spate
Were not lyke in no poyntes specyall
To this Ryuer in bounte nor in grace
And who so lust floodes to knowe and trace
In Barthylme we se his hystoryes bokes
Amonge his prouynces/may ye go and loke

Holy scrypture eke maketh mencyon
In Genesis and other places two
Of floodes sele/and theyr condycyon
And phylosophers tellen them also
As I rede/but all this late I gaue
Of this Ryuer and his enchesement gaye
I meane of fyllhe now fom whens they come I saye

Explicit descriptio Fluuium.

Incipit descriptio piscium.

This lusty fyllhe within this Ryuer fleetes
There swymmynge/whiche ben fynne scheepe
They put in vre to lere swymme and fleete
Now at the grounde/and now aboue they lepe
Now deceyuers/and now vpon an hepe
Now here now there now endlonge/now ouerthwarte
The lyghte of them my gyfte here eche wounded harte

Some to the pryuate bi[illegible]
And dadzed in theyr bedeys to the [illegible]
Shotteth of lengthe theyr arrowe to eyrcube
Theyr parchyte bi[illegible]
Of net ne hoke/of deceyte neuer theyr[illegible]
What sholde I [illegible]

The whale/the Wolphyn and [illegible]
The Carybo and the [illegible]
The Cakodyll and [illegible]
The see swyn/[illegible]
The mylago/that [illegible]
The hanno that dradeth ay the hoke
With many mo/[illegible]

The thyllanne/Gallok/[illegible]
Auronnea/phager/[illegible]
The Conger eke hyllye/[illegible]
Thepyke/the lice/the [illegible]
The swerdfyllye with many other mo
The Roche the tenche/the lamperey/and the Ele
The Floure/the playse/the flounder good to selle

The Crabbe/the lobster/and the Crayfys the
The welke/the Oyster/and the muscull good
The couche/the perche/there was no fyllye to lyke
That in the see in Ryuer or in flode
In ponde/sherwe/dyke/that euer swam or yede
Who so hym sought/among ther many hym fer
In lust/in blysse/and all prosperyte

And yf so were he had of hymde a byte
In any poynt/or were malyspous
court of lapy.

Ye sholde awake herynge and beholdynge
Wherby to saye/to echo sylle grete and smalle
It is pleasure/for me to expresse
Theyr nature all/I nede not to endyte
For euery sylle that goodely is in syght
In this Ryuer hauth lust to conuerse
Who lust hym seke/amonge them may hym fynde
It is the pure holsome lyuer and kynde
And of eche nature and quyck spronge
To euery sylle that is ouer hym flonge

And who so lust to knowe dyuersyte of sylle
And how they varye in theyr maner lyon
How they them fed/and whiche is good in sylle
Of theyr wysedome and generacyon
Of theyr vertue and operacyon
Of what shape eche/what substaunce & what kynde
That they are of/thou may in bokes fynde

By Aristotyll in his boke of beestes
By Plorath eke plydze plenius
By Aupyen/by Bathylmeus gestes
By constantyn/and by Basylyus
By Ambrose eke/that suche mater to vs
Declareth wele in his exameron
Who so hath lust/go loke theise clerkes on

For I wyll not make declaracyon
Of suche maters that ben contrarall
It were ywys to longe dysgressyon
Nature of sylle/to telle/and name them all

For now I wyll my penne lette lyghtynge fre
And somwhat telle of that moost heuenly mede

Explicit Descripcio pcedencium

The souerayne hoostesse of the ayres space
The swete moder/the trewe the moneth of maye
To Flora sent/and prayed her of her grace
That she wolde come with her enchauntes gaye
For to reuelle depaynt and to arraye
This blessed mede with parfyte dyuersytes
Of colours freshe full of solempnyte

She come lyght glad enuirned in hast
With herbe floure/tree & all fruyte precyous
Her thurlky cure in no poynt wolde she wast
For eche good thynge was there moost plentyuous
O paradyse with thy lyght glorious
Thou arte not now but an ymage feyned
This parfyte mede all thy bryssh hath dyspleyned

The Rose the lyle/the byolet
Reflerynge/shynynge/and paynterynge the grounde
Body and bryght with heuenly colours set
Blode and mylke and Azure gan habunde
The rede/the whyte/the blewe whiche there was so fide
Gan represent in colours deuyte
The Ruby/the Saphet/the Margarytte

The purpyll two are goodly staunchynge blode
The two langynge ben precyous medycynable
The heuenly two ayenst payne be gode
And to the nose the fyrst is delectable
And to the lyght the seconde amyable

The fayre Iacynct the longynge primerole
The Daysie the good gyllofloure
With all other herbes wythouten glose
That gendreth flouris of dyuerse colloure
Agnus castus the worthy pesamoure
Of chastyte the good fastyn alle
Of tyme the vyrtue / the verbe wych tranquyllo

The Rose maye the sauge / the fauery eche
Tryfologye also longe and rounde
The annys good / the bete good for the leke
The dyten that is good for a wounde
The Selydon ryght goodely on the grounde
The Century and eke the fumytere
The malue the dok / thyr dyngaunce / & eke ꝑ bryre

The marygolde cleped the Iyrope
The byne / the fenell / and the percele
The letuse swete with many mylky drope
The Coryandre that bounde doth to slee
The plantane eke / the mandrage eke I see
With all other that groweth on the grounde
Eche goodly herbe hath lust there to habounde

Theyr names all / it nedeth not for to wryte
Ne theyr vertues / my labour onely is
For to declyne what lust and what delyte
What plesaunce / comforte / honour / & what blysse
Unto this mede they unyuersed ywys
The syght of them / and of theyr pomply flowres
Was herbsy soune / and hele to all langoures

¶ Explicit descripcio floruꝫ et herbarum.

¶ Incipit descripcio Arborum.

A heuenly wood was on that other syde
And closed within that Ryuer aboute
Planted at luste with trees full of pryde
The blossmy bowes vnto the erthe gan loute
The cedre tree pryumptuus and stoute
Hauynge dyldayne in erthe onely to abyde
Amonge the sterres his hede began to hyde

Pe and the palme/and eke the good Cypresse
Gan ryse & burgyn/and refleyre with delyte
The bowes brought forthe of all gentylnesse
And gaue vmbre vnto that selempne syght
With double blysse/eche tree was inspyryte
With fruyte so man/doth vmbre to the grounde
This honger there ne de not to habounde

The peretre/the Olyue/the Appletree
Were grete & grene/and eke wooll plentyuous
The peres in bowes/and appelles of bounte
The Almonde tree with Fardyns fructuous
Dystyllynge come from his hole precyous
The fyrre in hyght vnto the Cyder lyke
To Amoure the rede Aromatyke

The Aloes/the gentyll canne and good
Whole marugh and Jusse is made in lucre swete
The ballom dystyllynge in a flode
His gentyll baume made chaufe ꝑ grounde to flete
The Cynamon with freshe oder replete
The good spykenarde/maslyk/the gum/Kolyn

The vyne tree berynge clusters grete and longe
In this wood whiche largely vyde spredde
With grapes bony swete/and herbes bunge
Whiche in myghte stronge as I rede
The fyrst in talle/the tother bone excede
The leconde be helpe vnto the stronge accelle
They staunchyn thyrst/they helpen in sykenelle

Thyke kayre & grene/in bothe barke and leues
The Cedre was soueraync of trees all
The top/the hole/the Rote amonge the greues
Herbered/mozyssed/and swete in shrondes small
The byrde/the bee/the water sparyall
In bzede and bowes they ben bzede in the hole
And out of the Rote the welle dystylled hole

The bowes bzought forth bothe bydes and frupte
The hole/the barke/offred hony and wape
The Rote fyndeth the moyst and colde refuyte
Of all the erthe made to habounde and wape
The hony swete fylle downe in dzoppes lape
And with the babone & Juse of floures glade
In the water Electuarye they made

The sturdy oke the Assshe/the plum tree
With acozues chattes/and with ꝑ Damecyne
All other trees with theyr frutes in degre
The Rampe/the moze/the lauret/and the pyne
The Cherubyns swetynge the swete Rosyne
The byrche the boz/the Alme/the Sycomoze
The hyze/the wyn of trees I speke no moze

For euery tree and frupte in especyall

And euery spyce and herbe spryngyng and ryse
Pepet and greynes with other spyces all
That euer on tree or busshe or herbe can growe
There was at lust/and zepherus gan blowe
Out thrughe the mede/and talia gan reflevr
Theyr partyte blysse illumyned all the eyer

¶ Explicit descripcio Arborum.

¶ Incipit descripcio Autum.

The besy byrdes in theyr melodye
Theyr heuenly voys gan to entone
Theyr Anglyke tauysshynge Armonye
Out thrughe the heuen vnto the hyest trone
Gaue pryce/and passe the nyne ordres echone
O cherubyn they sayd/come here to vs
Here with what tune thou sholde saynge sanctus

The throstell cokke vpon the cedre grene
The nyghtyngale vpon the blosme thorn
The noble swan with whyte fethers shene
The gentyll larke fleynge amonge the corne
Ne ceased not to synge from euen to morne
With all other foules of pleasaunce
Theyr voys gan daunte vnto ỹ concordaunce

Eche other foules in kynde there had his blysse
His lust/his comforte and his sustenaunce
They had no nede Raueyn to vse ywys
Eche thynge obeyed to theyr pleasaunce
Debate no stryfe/dyscorde/ne yet dysstaunce
Amonge them myght not engendred be
Echone other suppozte in degre

court of sapy. e.i.

On whyche the sperhawgt sonne so purely bryght
That to the syght he semed euery dele
An Archaungell downe fromhe the heuen sent
All heuenly colours in heuen were content
His tayll/the floures/the byrdes eke ywys
The eye/the nose/the ere fode with all blys

The Egle fresshe souerayne of fowles all
The good Goshauke/the freshe faucon of pryse
With all other that to dysporte Royall
Dysposed ben ther regned at deuyse
The gentyll dowue Innocent of all vyce
The Turtyll true/the Fenyx synguliere
In lust in blysse togyder all they were

The holsome Pertryche and the Pellycane
The sparowes eke/the plouer/and the pye
The Popyngay/the Roke/the henne/the Crane
Theyr names all here to specyfye
It nedeth not for euery foule shortely
That is in kynde/& hath in vertue myght
In all comforte/reioysed there his flyght

They flee at lust/there is not them to lette
They bylde in blysse/they haue all lyberte
Theyr nede not drede for gyler/ne for nette
Flee where they wyll/they ben in all suerte
The wynde the rayne/ne none aduersyte
May them dystourbe/all Joye is them amonge
The heuen amonge aboue delyted in theyr songe

¶ Explicit descripcio Auium.

¶ Incipit descripcio Animalium.

The waters sodone/the misty cyllyne and reyne
The good season/the yongly sonne & bryght
The mede/the herbes the floure/& theyr resleyne
The blosmy bowes/the sowes freshe of flyght
The tendre wynde with his brethe & his myght
Enspyred thrughe the blossomes at deuyse
It to seen was an heuenly paradyse

Whan I had sene the solempne souerayne syght
Dame sapyence led me a lytell besyde
Unto a cumly Castell shynynge bryght
Full of all solace delyte lust/and pryde
In whose circuite with wantes large & wyde
Of parfyte blysse y set were toures seuen
The lyght of whiche/ascryed vp to heuen

The dyke of it y fourmed with delyte
Fulfylled was with water of comete
The marbyll stone/the Alabaster whyte
By geometry so frendely gan mete
That suche one as in hede body and fete
With precyous stones illumyned at deuyse
Was neuer seen/it passed paradyse

Upon a roche it was grounded and set
And euery buttras full of ymagery
Eche pynacle conet/toute and touret
With golde and perle and stones curyously
Depaynted was and poudred lustely
And on the yate illumyned with all blysse
With golde letters thus y wryte ywys

This is the waye to vertue/& to grace
court of sapy.

[illegible] all beholdeth
This is the [illegible] heuenly place
There lodgyng is thyder [illegible] / ne euyll may come
This is the waye to that solempne kyngedome
Where reste peas blysse / & comforte leeueth neuer
Come in who wyll / and ryght welcome for euer

Seuen ladyes bryght downe from the heuen
Came to the yate with many ladyes mo
Seruauntes to them / whose name wyll I neuene
Fayth hope toforo with charyte go
Prudence / the wyse dame / fortytude also
With temporaunce and ryghtwysenes ywys
Wet sapyence / and hertely gan to kys

With fayth was Clemens and bygynnyte
Dame contynence and dame deuocyon
Dame sobrynesse / the dame eke chastyte
On whose hede was there garlandes of renoun
One for bytgyns and theyr relygyon
One for spoused people that lyuen clene
The thyrde for wedowes / yf they pure contene

With hope was gladnes and contrycyon
Dame dyscyplyne / and eke dame sapyence
Confessyon / and contemplacyon
The blessyd lady / eke dame penytence
With charyte was grace and indulgence
Pease and concorde / pyte / compassyon
And dame mercy Emperesse of all renoun

With dame prudence was counceyll and reason
The drede of god and tractabylyte
Dame dylygence / and dame discressyon

Dame prouydence [illegible]
With temperaunce was dame benygnyte
Moralyte maner and tolleraunce
Dame sobrenelle/and propre suffysaunce

With fortytude was dame perseueraunce
Rest/and equyte/scyence and stabylyte
Ay of one strengthe without baryaunce
And neuer proude for no prosperyte
Nother yet grutthynge for aduersyte
With ryghtwysnelle was lawe and correccyon
Trouthe/ryght/and dame and execucyon

Than came a lady deuyne Theologye
With ladyes seuen her sewynge in a route
Dame sapyence they folowed full humbly
Kylt her with blysse/and lowely gan to lowte
Echone other enbraced all aboute
Glad of that metynge full of grace
What sholde I saye/it was an heuenly place

There was gramer grounde of scyence all
And Dyaletyke full of pure knowynge
Dame Rethorike scyence Imperyall
Dame Arsmetryk scyence in proporcyonynge
Geometry that mesureth euery thynge
The lady musyke and Astronomye
The ladyes seuen sewed theologye

Than from the dongeon grete within the place
A solempne towre whiche styed vp to heuen
Philolophye the lady full of grace
With ladyes come as after I shall neuen
To sapyence the waye she toke full euen

They kylled [illegible] other bothe were layne

Phylosophye is who lust to dyffyne
knowlege of erthely and eke heuenly thynge
y ioyned with sad study and fyne
Of gouernaunce honest and good lyuynge
It is also the probable connynge
Of worldely thynge/and goodly thynge ywys
As moche as to man possyble is

She is cleped also the arte of artes
And eke of deth the medytacyon
Her beynge eke I set in two partes
In pure scyence and oppynacyon
Scyence thynge techeth by certayne reason
Oppynacyon is in certaynte
Whan thynge by reason may not proued be

And yf the sonne be moze in quantyte
Than is the erthe/how moche eke is the heuen
Of what matet/and yf he stable be
Or yet mobile/this can not scyence neuen
If that the mone be mopsy/holowe or euen
This knowe we not by propze pure reason
But this we haue by oppynacyon

This souerayne lady dame phylosophye
Within her selfe all artes doth contene
Nature and kynde/vertue and polycye
How they y taught eke exercute sholde bene
In her wysdom she hath groundly and clene
Wherfoze to her annexed ben sylters thze
Whiche ladyes ben of all souerayne bounte

The fyrst syster is clepyd [illegible]
Whome folke of grace clepyn dame physyca
The seconde hyght the good pryncesse mozall
Whome they of grece eke clepyn dame Ethyca
They clepe also thyrde/dame Logica
Whome our clerkes clepyn Racyonall
Philosophye hath these in especyall

The fyrst doth teche the cause of euery thynge
Her propre kynde/her kyndely properte
And in the seconde is trust of lyuynge
Knowlege of vertues and honeste
Whan kynde and vertues may than knowen be
The thyrde syster cometh with her reasoun
Of euyll and good makynge discrypcyoun

Pylleslus one of the sages seuen
In grece fyrst dyewe/as in the crafte of kynde
By his reason the causes|of the heuen
And of eche the nature gan he fynde
Than come plato a worthy clerke of kynde
For naturall arte sought out geomatrye
Arsmetryke/musyke and astronomye

Dame Ethyca pryncesse of polycye
Good Socrates fyrst founder of gouernaunce
To knowe vertue and conlyue honestly
And foure ladyes he sought full of pleasaunce
To serue dame Ethyke with obeysaunce
Whose names ben prudence and ryghtwysenesse
Dame fortytude and temperaunce Jgesse

Than fonde plato the lady racyonall
Whiche whan that kynde & vertue knowen bene

To vnderstonde the fyrst strengthe and chefe
Of kynde & vertue what they bodye & meane
Than sought he out dame Dyaletyca
To serue her with dame Rethorica

In these thre systers grounded may we fynde
Dyuynyte/yf we loke wele ywys
For eche dyuyne other speketh of kynde
As in the noble boke of Genelis
Or of maners as in prouerbes
Or of logyk/for whome dyuynes all
The Cantycle taken in specyall

Some sayne that philosophye called reeloun
Hath ladyes two subiect in specyall
The fyrst hyght Inspectyue whose eye aboun
Dyscreteth thynge whiche is celestyall
The seconde lady hyght Actuall
That of the thynge maketh dyscrypcyon
As it shewith in operacyon

Dame Inspectyue hath seruynge ladyes thre
Dame naturall/and eke dame Doctrynall
Thyrde in heuen hath syght and soueraynte
Wherfore she hyght the pryncesse deuynall
The fyrst techeth kynde of thynges all
By crafte the seconde geteth Intellect
The thyrde Inuysyble thynges hath respect

Dame doctrynall hath seruauntes foure ywys
The good Arysmetryk/and dame Geometrye
Dame Musyk eke the lady full of blysse
The fourth pryncesse hyght dame Astronomye

Of these foure ladyes must I specyally
Here afterwarde in my treatyse endyte
Of them nomore wherfore now wyll I wryte

Dame Actuall hath other ladyes thre
As dame morall/and dame dyspensatyue
Dame Cyuyle hyght the thyrde full of bounte
The fyrst dysposeth to eche man of lyue
Maner of leuynge/the seconde is actyue
Whiche gan her houshode reule without dyssaūce
The thyrde of cytees hath in gouernaunce

We entred in this yate full of blysse
Unto the fyrst court full of heuenly lyght
Whiche dame scyence had in keppynge ydys
Whiche house and warde loyall lusty & bryght
Illumyned freshe/and paynted to the syght
With propre kynde of eche thynge temporall
Man/beest/herbe/tree/ther mayst ꝑ knowe them all

Scripture there taught how mā shulde gouerne hym
And what his is in body/and in blode
And what mater he in lyeth/or yet in hym
Why this is euyll/and why that thynge is good
Why this is tame/and why that beest is wood
All polycy in erthe/and all knowlege
Dame scyence there had in that herbergage

There was all naturall phylosophye
And in a goodly parlour see I syt
The phylospher with his companye
Teetynge of kynde/and what longeth to it
There was cirke/note/konnynge/and wyt
The poynt they wrote/they dysputed they depute

...y beter ... that hath nature

Arystotyll auerois and Auycenne
Good Algazel/Galyene/and Appollynus
Pyctagoras and Plato with his penne
Macrobius/Crato/Boecius
Ralus Ilake/Talyrte Ozbalius
Salustius/cleophyl/Ypocras
With many mo whole names I lete pas

These had delyte to serue dame scyence
And to haue knowlege in phylosophye
They wozshypped her/they dyde reuerence
Theyr hole desyre was to her soueraynly
They wake/they wozke/they studye besyly
Whyles that they ben with dame scyence experte
Them to byholde myght rauysshe euery herte

¶ Explicit processus de prima Curia.

¶ Incipit processus de secunda curia.

Unto the seconde courte than in we yode.
The cure of the whiche had dame Intellygence
With halle chambres/with toures hye & good
Full of all lust/and heuenly complacence
There was depaynted with all reuerence
The heuen/his blysse/and who dwelleth in it
The Ierarchyes in nyne ozdres y knyght

Of what degre was euery Ierarchye
Of what offyce/and of what obseruaunce
And why the fyrst eke hyght ypyphanye
There was depaynted with all pure pleasaunce
Of Lucyfer and his vnhappy chaunce

Of the spyrytes whyche that were [illegible]
There myght men see and of the payne of helle

Oure wyttes kyue whan they begyn to fayle
As in eche inuysyble creature
Intellygence must yeue vs than counsayle
By her we haue parfyte knowleges and pure
Whan eke/nose/ere/mouthe/eke is vnsure
And we by them may gete no pure scyence
Than must vs renne vnto intellygence

There was Dappys Bernard/bede/barthilmew
The good Cardynall/the swete bonauenture
Within enspyred/whiche had sene and knew
The pryuy counceyll of the fyrst nature
And many mo within a paylour pure
Of clerkes whiche that were contemplatyue
There see I lytte heuenly thynge to descryue

Theyr names all/I may not now reherce
The multytude of them so passynge bene
They may not all be conteyned in a verce
But to byholde how freshe lusty and grene
Was theyr desyre to loke on bokes clene
And heuenly with eye mentall to see
All erthely Joye it passeth in degree

¶ Incipit processus de tercia curia.

With Joye and blysse and delectacyon
Dame sapyence that good goddesse
Unto her warde louerayne of all renoun
Than led vs forth vnto a halle expresse
Whose blysse beaute/lust/and parfyte noblesse
All erthely place passeth a thousande folde

It was an heuen erthly lokyng on
So rauyssyngе it was and elegaunte
Of pryamus and thyn halle Ilyon
With all his proyse beaute pure pleasaunte
For to be lyket is not fully saunte
Unto this halle/whiche made by nature
As for mayster chyef in portracture

It hanged was with auyse werke in golde
Full of sterres of wysedome and of wyt
The parables moost goodly to byholde
Ecclesiastes eke than folowed it
The boke of sappence full wely wryte
The good boke eke Ecclesiasticus
All wysedome there clare gan and dyscusse

And on the dayse/Wynerue that byght pallas
The goddesse of wysedome full of lyght
On heuenly wyse portreyed and paynted was
A lady fayre enourned freshe and bryghte
Whose hede was with the reynbowe dyghte
A Crest aboue her ryght honde had a spere
The other syde a shelde of Crystall clere

Her hede was fersull and eke monstrous
For dyuerse serpentes henge her hede aboute
Bryght eyen she had/and clothynge pryeyous
Of colours there delycyous and stoute
An olyue tree with braunches on a route
On whiche a nyght crowe lustely was set
Stode her besyde/it myght not be made bet

And what it mente there tolde dame sappence

This is the goddesse of all hyr lyuerayne
Depaynted thus with lust and reuerence
Ygete she was of Jupyters byayne
To mozall sence/it is as moche to sayne
That all wysedom come from god aboue
Whome poetes clepen Jubyter and Joue

Eke wysedome hath armour of all vertue
The bzyght Reynbowe of loue and frendlyhede
The Creste of honour/the ferfull hede to shewe
With serpentes dyuerse is the parfyte dzede
Of god of deth/and of the hyghe falshede
Of his enuye full of dyspyte
Euery wyseman that serpente mote hym byte

She hath the ryght spere of correcyon
The shelde of foztytude and of pacyence
Tholyue of pease/the nyght crowe abonns
Whiche is the byzde of mekenes and lycence
She hath the eyen of reason and pzudence
Her clothynge eke/that is colours thze
Betokeneth fayeth/hope/and charyte

Wysedome oz pzudence/who so lust descryue
Oz her array parfyte and lustely
I counceyll hym that he go loke belyue
Fulgencius in his Methologys
Fyrst in Saturn/& hym than counceyll I
Go loke in Juno/Neptune/and pluto
There shall he see/whiche thynge I lete ouergo

Was neuer place in erthe so glozyous
As is the wozthy halle of fayrence
With bowes of olyue moost delycyous

And in a chapell full of complacence
Within a shryne lusty to all deuyse
Set with all byysse was Salamon the wyse

Theologye a byble toke anone
And tozned to many a stozy fyn
The Golpellers/Marke/Mathew/Luke & Johan
The doctours foure/as Gregozy and Austyn
Jerome/Ambzose experte in thynges dyuyne
Unto her came all aboute her all they syt
There myght men lete of wysedome and of wyt

There studyed holcote vpon sapyence
And Rothynge them vpon the golpellers
The good clerke/the mayster of sentence
Saynt Thomas eke wozshyp vnto all freres
To mayster of the stozyes with his feres
And many one mo good clerkes & dyuyne
Than foz to telle my wyttes can dyffyne

With gramer were ladyes well besene
Of whiche the fyrst hyght dame Dzthographye
Within a palour/lusty freelthe and grene
There was eke gentyll Ethymologye
Dyalyntathica/and prosodye
These systers foure dyfferent in offyce
Serued gramer/as lady full of pryce

The fyrst taught lres/& how men shulde them wryte
The seconde taught the partes of reason
To telle eche wozde truely is her deuyse
And whiche is nomen whiche verbū/& pronomen
The thyrde dyde teche party construccyon

The laste eche woyde gaue hys fygure & accydence
And in these foure all gramer is contens

These foure serued that sepence lytterall
In wrytynge pronouncynge/and construynge
Of lettre/syllable/woyde/Reson/with all
She hath her pryncypall consyderynge
She is the grounde/the pate/the entrynge
To all the noble artes lyberall
By her frendshyp they be made specyall

There was Boyles/Cadmus/and Carmenta
Ebzard Ferryn/and Johan Gerlond/& donate
Pzelcyane/Petyr/Thomas de hennaya
Lambart Papy/they wzyte erly and late
The Januens was there in grete astate
And Arystocyll foz theyz bokes wyle
Catholycon and patpatmonyle

Hugucyon with many auctoz mo
Wrytynge there was/and lokynge on gramer
Whose names of shoztely I lete ouer go
They may not do/but pzolonge my matere
Many a babe of souerayne heuenly chere
Desyzous all in connynge to habounde
Aboute dame gramer sat to haue theyz grounde

¶ Explicit bzeuis descripcio Gramatice et eius partium.

¶ Incipit bzeuis Tractacio de Dialetica.

Within an other parlour full of blysse
With many clerke of lesser of ponge age
Dame Dyaletica was sette ywys

They all of [illegible] other lesse
But that they myght hyscerne and eke depure
Trouthe from falshede/that was theyr aller cure

Her parlour fresshe/her clothynge proude & stoute
Of dyuers sorte and of Juciput
With sophymes depaynted full all aboute
And other maters/as of dyffynytyfe
The comune treatyse taught she them ryfe
Whiche whatkyns/whatis a propolycyon
What thynge he is/and his dyuysyon

Whiche is subiect/couple and predicate
And howhe is reason indycatyfe
And whan he hath vniuersall estate
Partycurler or is affyrmatyfe
Infynytyfe synguler or negatyfe
Whiche Subalterne/whiche contradictyon
Whiche is contrarye taught she be reason

Equypollens and conuersyon
Syllogysmus maner of arguynge
And for to make an oblygacyon
She taught them there with lust and all lykynge
Fast they dysputen they conuynge
With sophyms straunge maters they discusse
And fast they crye oft/tues Asinus

The vniuersels and the natures good
The predycamentes Toppes also
The pryncypals the Clynkes/as they stood
She red them all with many treates mo
She taught them waye to procede & to go

And to attayne to his plesaunce
Her to beholde / it was a blysse hewenly

The phylosophers whiche reherced bene
With Dame scyence in her fyrst course of all
With this lady eke goodely were besene
And had contours to her in eyerypall
Alfred haly Joyath and Juuenall
Eracius Affricane / Demoscene
Mercurius and noble Damascene

Gyles and Euclido / Rufus / and Cytheo
Democritus and Physyologus
Syr Theophraste Tytus and Cypro
Wyllyam Concies peno Johanneus
Syr Tholome and Nero and plinius
Salustyane / Permenides also
And many / on whose names I lete go

¶ Explicit breuis tractacio de Dyalectica.

¶ Incipit breuis tractatus de Rethorica.

Dame Rethoryke moder of eloquence
Moost elegaunt / moost pure and glorious
With lust delyte / blysse / honour and reuerence
Within her parlour freshe and precious
Was set a quene / whose speche delycious
Her audytours gan to all Joye conuerte
Eche worde of her myght rauysshe euery herte

And many clerke had lust her for to here
Her speche to them was parfyte sustenaunce
Eche worde of her depured was so clere
court of sapy. f.l.

That heuen is made to here her be perclaunce
Her termes gay as facunde louerayne
Catephaton in no poynt myght dyskayne

She taught them the craftes of endytynge
Whiche byces ben that sholde ibopded be
Whiche ben the colours gay of that coumynge
Theyr dyfference and eke theyr propertie
Eche thynge endyte how it sholde poynted be
Dyskynctyon the garlande and dyscrysse
Whiche is Coma Colym perydus

Who so thynketh my wrytynge dull & blont
And wolde conceyue the colours purperate
Of Rethorykes go he to tria lunt
And to Galfryde the poete laureate
To Januens a clerke of grete astate
Within the fyrst parte of his grauer boke
Of this matet there groundely may he loke

In Tullius also mooste eloquent
The chosen spouse vnto this lady free
His gylted craft and glozyeus content
Gay thynges I made eke yf thou lust to see
Go loke the Code also the dygestes thre
The bokes of lawe and of phylyphe good
Of ornate spechc there spryngeth vp the flood

In prose and metre of all kynde ylys
This lady blyssed had lust for to playe
With her was bleseus Richarde poplys
Facrole pystyls clere lusty freshe and gay
With maters were poetes in good array

Duyde/Dunt/[illegible]
Iane/Bernarde/Prudencius and Petrarce

¶ Explicit processus de Rethorica

¶ Incipit de Arsmetrica

Arsmetryke than amyd the ladyes all
As a pryncesse goodly had her mansyon,
Eche of her had nede in specyall
By cause of whiche she was of grete renoun
And all her carfte by numeracyon
Was for to sette eche thynge in his ordre
Withouten her ben the syxe artes vnsure

She tolde vs there how bothe the erthe & the heuen
Had theyr makynge/and theyr perfectyon
In dayes syxe and eke in nyghtes seuene
How thre persones/and one god aboune
The trynyte conteneth with renoun
How moyses Ely/and how crysst hym selue
Fast fourty dayes/and of the appostles twelue

In holy wryte moche thynge y nombred is
Of whiche by her we haue cognycyon
And in this worlde eche creature ywys
Is made by numerall proporcyon
Foure elementes/the seuen planettes aboue
These be dystynct in trewe nombre certayne
Withouten her all craftes be but veyne

It is wryte that god all thynge hath made
In weyght/in nombre/and eke in mesure
Of Arsmetryke wherfore he sholde be glade

Theyr curyosytes theyr tymes / and theyr space
By this lady to haue knowlege we trace

She taught nombre whiche is olde / & whiche euer
Weyded hym with subdyuysyon /
Ten fygures eke of Augrym gan she neuen
And calendres for numeracyon
She tolde the carfte of computacyon
To adde / to mynue / and to multyplye
Eche thynge to count she taught truely

She taught vs eke what thynge that nõbre was
A multytude of vnytees she sayd
And with her set the olde Pytagoras
Nychomacus / of whome moche good is sayd
Apulens and Boece wyght wele arrayed
These were the fyrst in latyn and greke
That in the craft of nombre euer wrote

¶ Explicit breuis prothellus de Arismetrica.

¶ Incipit breuis Tractatus de Geometria.

And Geometrye her subtyll crafte out ronge
And her place as lady reuerent
She sat at last with lynes large and longe
Compase rule / plumbe / and many instrument
With fygures queynte and all to her entent
Of euery thynge to yeue the true mesure
This her craft / her labour and her cure

She made cercules / fygures / and fyrres straũge
Trangles quadrantes wonderly wrought

Layde lynes a longe / & after she dyde them chaūge
The pure meſure of euery thynge she sought
And by her crafte the pure knowlege she brought
How hye / how lowe / how longe / & how brode eke
Was euery thynge she had it not leke

Whiche is the poynt / the centre of the pole
Full craftely she taught of euery spere
Whiche Cercle is out / and whiche is hole
Whiche lyne is ryght / whiche perpentyculere
Whiche Circuler / and whiche Dyametere
And by this crafte of all the erthes space
The very meſure truely gan she trace

The erthes space how longe it is aboute
Aryſtotyll sayth that olde clerkes layne
That foure and twenty thousande all oute
In his cercle he conteyneth certayne
But Albert thynketh / it is an errour playne
For in his tyme there couthe it not for clere
The quantyte of his Dyametere

But another clerke she wynge Theolome
Sayd that erthe in his cyrcuyte rounde
Sholde twenty thousande myle and fourty be
And thus one clerke another doth confounde
So that the trouthe by none of them is founde
Gode thynge sayth balyle sholde haue remembrance
And that sholde passe whiche stondeth in doutance

With her dyuerse clerkes of Egypte were
Whiche fyrst dyde fynde the crafte of Geometry
Eke Theodolius in his maner
With phylosopherys latte full lustely
court of fayry.

Of that scyence [illegible] craftely
As good Englyd/and many clerkes mo
Of them no more/for ferther must I go

¶ Explicit de geometria

¶ Incipit de Musica

Alytell besyde within a place of blys
Dame Musyke sat/and her ladyes thre
The fyrst hyght dame Armonyca pwys
The seconde Rethenica a lady free
The thyrde hyght metrica full of beaute
The songe she prycked/the numered notes newe
Theyr melodye formed anheuen newe

The fyrst delyted her in tunes mete
The seconde mesured dyte with the note
The thyrde numered her songe with certayne fete
And whiche be her boundes ryght well she wote
And with them were good clerkes þ thus wrote
And sayd that musyke was the pure commynge
And verray waye of trewe parfyte syngynge

They wrote also/who that fyrst musyke founde
Some sayd Tubal/some sayd Linus Tibeus
Some zetus/Amphyonas they dyde vnderstonde
Some sayd also it was one Orpheus
Some playnly sayd for ought they coude discusse
That by the soune of hamers in a forge
Pytagoras fyrst gan musyke forge

Dame musyke gan her crafte to recorde
And made a waye/how folke sholde fyrst begyn

Her exãple was in a monycorde
On instrument qaadraunt longe holowe within
Of whiche the myd one strenge had in a gyn
Oute of the whiche dyuers tunes she wrought
And thus the grounde of mulyke fyrst she sought

She taught fyre syllables / whiche we notes clepe
And in her crafte they necessary bene
Whiche on an ympne thou mayst bringe to hepe
If thou his meetre can proporcyon clene
Ut queant laxis is it / whiche I mene
There mayst thou fynde ut / re / my / fa / sol / la
Thele syllables fyre vsed dame musica

She taught the notes by her monycorde
As she the strenge dyde touche or pulle
And as she lengthed or shorted the corde
Whiche hye / lowe / or sharp / & whiche is dulle
Of these notes taught she at the full
Theyr varyaunce / and theyr dyscencyon
Theyr ordres eke / and theyr ascencyon

I Gãmoth than wonderly she founde
Whiche is a rule to teche them for to synge
And it is to knowe she taught them on theyr honde
By whiche they wote the grounde of all syngynge
The notes they knowe therby & theyr chaungynge
And proueth eke / whiche songe is false or trewe
To mulyke thus she can the wayes shewe

She taught them whiche were tunes parfyte
And gaue them lust to here theyr concordaunce
Whiche tunes eke ben cleped imparfyte
And whiche in songe sholde be theyr gouernaunce

Diapason and diapente eke
And Diatcsseron was not to seke

Whiche large/longe/whiche breue or semybreue
Wynym Crochet/in rule and eke in space
All this she taught/but for I must be breue
In this mater I wyll no ferther trace
For thoughe I wolde therto I haue no space
But who so lust of Musyke for to wyte
For veray grounde to Boece I hym remyte

And to a clerke/whiche clepyd is bernd
Johan de Muris/and Johan de Mulica
To guyde eke in his Metrologe
There mayst thou se of Dame Armonyca
Of Dame Metrytc/and of Dame Rethmica
Of all musyke the veray grounde parfyte
There shalte thou fynde/with blysse and all delyte

And these with musyke were in Joye & blysse
And helped her prouynce/with her armonye
And with them was eche instrument ywys
That is of musyke/and of mynstralcye
Harp/lute/pyte/trump/fydell/tymbres/sautry
The Rote/organs/and the monycorde
The Cyterne/symbale/and the clauycorde

¶ Explicit Tractatus de Musica.

¶ Incipit breuis processus de Astronomia.

Than see I syttc in place full of all pleasaunce
The heuenly lady dame Astronomye
Whiche of the sterres the cours & gouernaunce

Theyr figures eke [illegible]
And with her was the mayde Astrologye
Whiche countyne is kyndely / and preuous
And other whyles ouer moche superstytous

Whe is kyndely whan that she sheweth clere
The sonnes cours / the mone / the sterres eke
And doth nothynge / but as kynde doth her lere
But whan she lust in sterres for to seke
The byrthe of man / whiche hole shall be seke
And wyll deuyne / and preche thynge for to be
Unkyndely than / and vnlefull is she

Astronomye that lady full of grace
Gan fyrst deuyne what thynge ꝑ would sholde be
What thynge heuen is / his course ꝛ his place
His paleys eke / his partyes in degre
His fourme / his spere / and eke his properte
His syght / his cours / his mouynge at the best
With all other partyes moost and lest

His hemysperye / and his cercles fyue
Theyr propertie / and how they cleped bene
The zodyake also she gan descryue
The sonne his course ꝛ his effecte clene
His magnytude / his nature well belene
The mone her cours / her dyuers fourmes eke
And theyr Eclypses / there was no thynge to seke

Whe taught also how sondry sterres byght
And in what tyme they go theyr cercles all
Eke how ꝑ sonne ꝑ mone gyueth all theyr lyght
Whiche Lactea we clepe in specyall
And how that fyre out fro[illegible] heuen dooth fall

The cause of this/and what it may meane

And to eche sterre that cleped is a sygne
By syght of whiche thynge to come men may gesse
A propre name she gan to assygne
As Arctur/vrsa/the more eke & the lesse
Thus dyuers names gan she for to dresse
As Tryones/Boetes/Yades
Articurus. Dyon/and plyades

As Lucyfer/Cometes/vesperus
Theyr names olde she tolde full crafftely
The planetes seuen she neuened vnto vs
Saturne/Ioue/mars/phebus/and mercurye
The mone venus/and what they sygnyfye
Theyr influence/and theyr qualyte
With circumstaunce of pure solempnyte

Twelue sygures than she tolde syght well arrayed
The Ramme/the bull/and the gemelles to
The crabbe/the lyon/and the streyt mayd
The balaunce thatcher/and the Scorpio
The gote/the water syze/and the fysshe also
The planetes seuen as they to this attayne
Suche eche tyme dysposed soth to sayne

And how eche sygure had his properte
A propre name/thus gan she construe
The gentyles eke how that they blynded be
That lust/honour with worshyp fresshe & newe
The planetes seuen/as paynym goddes trewe
They rytes olde/and theyr ydolatrye
She gan reherce/as techeth poetrye

And how they clepe [illegible]
For that in mars begynnynge of the yere
The sonne in hym maketh his cours dygne
And they worshyp hym on theyr manere
By cause of Joue whome in theyr temples clere
Jt they depaynte a rammes hede they make
With hornes two for Jubyters sake

He come an ore/and toke Europa they sayd
Wherfore the bole they worshyp of theyr grace
Castor pollux eke whan they dede were layd
Amonge the sterres they demed haue a place
Whome they clepen the gemelles with solace
For Hercules eke slough the grete lyon
Hym for that sygne they worshyp with renoun

O myshyleue meruey lous for to neuene
O cursed blyndenes of these gentyles all
Whiche demyn fysshe/and beestyall be in heuen
For glorifyed regnaunt perpetuall
As Rame/bore/crabbe/and bere in speryall
Hounde/lyon/swan/tixe egle eke in fere
Whome they worshyp for Joues chyfe squyre

She tolde also of batayll destyne
And how in sterres some men haue suche byleue
That in theyr byrthe eyght by necessyte
Ordeyned is all that hym shall please or greue
This olde errour our doctours done repreue
Socrates the same with Aristotyll sayth
Notwithstondynge they were not of our fayth

Or yf a man were in this natyuyte
Constreyned to his sondry artes all

[illegible] laude in speryall
Of mylyuers to pumyllyement be thrall
Good Isodre maketh this reason
In dampnynge of this false oppynyon

Astronomye the Egyptes fyrst dyde fynde
Astrologye and her queynt obseruaunce
Folke of Caldé fyrst sought & brought to mynde
Whome Abraham taught the egyptes with plesaūce
As wryteh Josephus withouten doutaunce
But grekes sayne this craft fyrst was founde
By one Athlant/ & of hym had his grounde

And with this lady was fyre Tholome
Johan de hispayn/ and mysaleth also
With other auctours in degre
That drewe of her/ whose names lette I go
Thus in ferres I wyll ceasé and ho
And by the ordre of the artes seuen
Dryze folke to leue the worlde/ & drawe to heuen

¶ Explicit de Astronomia.

¶ Incipit Tractatus de fide.

Dame fayth than led vs vnto her dwellynge place
Unto a toure solempne and glorious
Full of all lust/ comfort/ bertue and grace
Depaynted freshe with colours precyous
And in a parlour full solacyous
Thappostles all were sette with pure delyte
And of our trouthe the artycles they wryte

They had beleue in god fader of myght

Of vysyble and inuysyble wyghte
And in his sonne cryst full of blysse
Before the worlde/whiche was alwaye ywys
Igete not made and consubstancyall
To his fader/of whome fourmed is all

He came frome heuen/and in the mayde matye
By inspyracyon of the holy goost
Mankynde he toke/and borne he was for to dye
To wyn man soule out from the fendes hoost
And vnder Pylate set with Iewes boost
Bounden & bete/crowned and crucyfyed
With watry woundes Innocent he dyed

For he was grauen man out from helle he brought
And rose the thyrde day vnto the lyue agayne
Styed to heuen/his faders trone he sought
Frome whens as kynge/he shall come yet certayne
Bothe quyke and dede to deme/to lyfe or payne
The good to blysse/the euyll to punyshement
Heuen erthe helle shall suake in that iugement

And in the holy ghoost byleue they bad
In holy chirche baptysme communyon
Of sayntes eke to holde ferme and sad
Of all treaspas to haue remyssyon
And for to trowe the resurrecyon
Of people deed/and in lyfe lastynge
Unto the whiche almyghty god vs bryngе

The artycles with othe poyntes all
That longeth to the holy trynyte
Dame fayth her selfe gan tell in specyall
court of sapy.

Vnche thynge as tholde be p̄yuate & occult
I rede we leue/and take ouerumȝ vult

There was to fayth doynge all reuerence
The holy synnet Mary magdalene
Whiche by dame fayth hath geten indulgence
Of all her synne and was alloyled clene
Good martha eke by her grace gan optene
And brought to lyue her brober lazarus.
Soo was the sone also of Regulus

There was the doughter eke of Canane
Whiche by her was brought fro the fendes bonde
All other eke/that of eny infyrmyte
Thrughe fayth was cured/with her lee I shoude
Blynde dome and deef lep̄reous fote & honde
Whome fayth hath heled/and brought vnto grace
With all honour obeyed her in that place

There was also the holy confessours
That p̄reched fayth whyle they were on lyue
Doctours martyrs and glorious auctours
Wytynge of fayth/and her merete blyue
And on this wyse/they gan her descryue
And sayd that fayth is grounde of all goodnes
Withouten whome lyte hath no sykernes

Unto good she gyueth strengthe & comforte
And who trowth not he falleth impotente
The sheide of fayth who lust to compor̄te
Al thynge ouercometh as vnto reuerence
Of thre enemyes with they? p̄yous p̄retence

Ake and byleue thyn alkynge shall not fayle

She is ay/for as the clerkes sayth
There is but one god lorde perpetuall
Pryncypally/of whome preche his fayth
Eke hole she is of her artycles all
Trewe without errour outher grete or small
Lyuely and quyke to do euery quyke dede
For elles she were but as a body dede

There was the lady clennesse well arrayed
Deuocyon and dame pyrgynyte
Dame contynence and chastyte the mayd
Dame loulynesse and dame stabylyte
Enlumyned fresshe echone in theyr degree
These seruen fayth/and as they couthe deuyse
With blysse they songe/and sayd vpon this wyse

It better is to trowe in god aboue
Than in mankynde or in many other thynge
Who troweth in hym/for he can kepe and loue
Theyr lust fulfyll/& graunt them theyr askynge
And in his gospell eke a worthy kynge
He sayd hym selfe in me/who lust byleue
Though he be deed ywys yet shall he leue

O cursed folke with your ydolatrye
Whiche in false goddes setten your delyte
Blynde dome/and deef is all your mametrye
Of stocke and stone/men may suche karue & thwyte
Leue them for false with sour and despyte
In our one god cast anker and byleue
Though ye were deed/he can make you leue

¶ They are but erthe/ and brought lowe as lede
He regneth god aboue the heuen superne
Blyssed be he/ for he no grace wyll werne
To them/ that wyll in hym beset theyr byleue
And though they dye ywys yet shall they lyue

¶ Explicit tractatus de fide et cantus famule sue

¶ These thynges folowynge is euery cryssten man & woman holde and bounde to lerne and con to theyr power in waye of theyr saluacyon.

The pater noster/ the aue maria/ and the crede

¶ The .x. commaundementes.

Haue one god in worshyp/ In this is forboden all maner mawmetrye/ wytchecrafte/ inchauntement/ Redynge of dremes and all mysbyleue

¶ Take not the name of god vayne

In this is forboden all heresyes/ all mysmenynge/ vnworshyppe of god/ forswerynge/ takynge his name in vayne and suche other

¶ Halowe thyn holy dayes

To this belongeth/ herynge of thy seruyse/ kepynge yow out of deedly synne/ visityge of thy poore neyghbours accordynge them that ben at debate and suche other.

¶ Worshyp thy fader and moder

God thy fader/ holy churche thy moder/ the ghoostly faders/ thy fleshely fader and moder/ all men of age & worshyp/ and prelates of holy churche

¶ Slee no man

With hondes lustynge / [illegible] lechetynge / [illegible]
te curstynge / ne wyllynge euyll / ne vengeaunce

¶ Do no Lechery

Here is forboden all spousebreke / all fleshely dedes / and all mysshedynge of mannes sede

¶ Do no theste

Here is forboden stelynge / wronge purchacynge / deslhetytynge of heyres / trechetrye / blurrye / wrõnge amet sementes / false mesure and weyghtes / & suche other

¶ Bere no false wytnesse

Here is forbodeu / false lyenge / backbytynge / accusynge appayrynge of good name and suche other.

¶ Desyre not thy neyghbours wyfe

In this is not onely forboden the dede but also the desyre and wyll of herte

¶ Desyre not thy neyghbours thynges

House / londe / beest / seruaunt / ne nothynge that is his

¶ The seuen deedly synnes.

Pryde.

Herof cometh boostynge of proude berynge / dysplesynge / scornyge / hyghe herte / gay array / pryde of ryches fayrnes / connynge / strengthe / vertue / goodnes / pryde of kynne / vnburesomnes / vayne glory / dispyte of thy neyghbour / ypocrysye and suche other.

Enuye

Glad of thy neyghbours euyll fare / heuy of his welfare / backbytynge / lounynge of dyscorde / scornynge and suche other.

Wrathe

Fyghtynge / chydynge / hurtynge / betynge / wratynge cursynge / grutchynge / desyrynge of vengeaũce / cruelnes / manslaughter and suche other

Falsehode in [illegible] lyenge/in fellynge/in me-
tynge/in weyenge/gyle/trecherye/sacryege/symony
blurye/theft/receyuynge of stolen goodes/extorcyon
wronge withholdynge/ withdrawynge of seruauntes
hyre/withholdynge of tethes & dutees of holy churche.

Glotonye

Etynge or dryge ouer moche/to erly to late/out of mes
sure/brekynge of fast/dlynge of delycate metes & dry-
kes/or in dlynge them to strengthe thy body to synne
and suche other.

Slouthe.

Therof cometh ydelnes/delyte in slepe/necligence of
thy byleue/vnlusty to goddes seruyse/forgetfulnes of
thyrfte/myspendynge of tyme/dyspayre/wanhope/&
suche other.

Lecherye

In thought/wyll/werke/syght/felynge/dede doynge
with lengle/with comue/wydowes/maydens/wyuet
Folhyppes/goddoughter/ relygyous or other out of
wedlocke/synne ayenst kynde or suche other.

The fyue wyttes

Syght/herynge/smellynge/tastynge/felynge.

¶ The seuen dedes of mercy bodely.

Fede the hongry/gyue drynke to the thursty/clothe ỹ
naked herberowe the houseles/ vysyte the syke/delys
uere the pryoners/and burye the poore that ben deed

¶ The seuen dedes of mercy ghoostly

Teche them that can not gyue good counseyll to hym
that axeth it/chastyse thy subgecte that offendeth cons
forte the sory/forgyue him that trespaceth to the/haue

ruthe on the synner/ and put vs in good ensample.

¶ The seuen principall vertues.

Fayth

This is grounde and begynge of our saluacyon and it standeth in thre thynges/ In the vnyte of the godhede in thre psones. In the manhode of cryst/ and in the sacramentes of the chirche.

Hope

This is a trust by the mercy of god to be saued/ and it standeth in the grace of god and good werkes.

Charyte.

This is the ende and parfectyon of all the commaundementes of god/ and it standeth in the loue of god aboue all thynge and thy neyghbour as thy selfe.

Ryghtwysnes

This is a payenge of dute of eche thynge / it longeth to as to god prayenge and thankynge/ to thy neyghboure loue and charyte and to thy selfe besynes to fulfyll goddes wyll.

Wysedome.

That is a vertue to departe good fro euyll and it stondeth in the chesynge of good/ and in refusynge of euyll

Strengthe

This maketh a man myght / & hardy to do grete thynges for the loue of god/ and it stondeth in sufferynge pacyently aduersyte/ and mesely takynge prosperyte.

Mesure

This is a meane bytwene to moche and to lytell and it stondeth in takynge sufficyently that nedeth/ & in refusynge vtterly / is to moche or to lytell/ by these thynges shall eche man and woman knowe god.

¶ These that folowen bryngе a man to heuen.

[illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible]